THE DIVELL IS AN ASSE.

A COMEDIE ACTED IN THE YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IOHNSON.

HOR. *de* ART. PO'ET.

Ficta voluptatis Causa, sint proxima veris.

o

Imprinted at London, 1641.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATAN.	*The great divell.*
PVG.	*The lesse divell.*
INIQVITY.	*The vice.*
FITZ-DOTTREL.	*A Squire of* Norfolk.
Mistresse FRANCES.	*His wife.*
MEERE-CRAFT.	*The Projector.*
EVERILL.	*His Champion.*
WITTIPOL.	*A young Gallant.*
MANLY.	*His friend.*
INGINE.	*A Broaker.*
TRAINES.	*The Projectors man.*
GVILT-HEAD.	*A Gold-smith.*
PLVTARCHUS.	*His sonne.*
Sir POVLE EITHER-SIDE.	*A Lawyer, and Iustice.*
Lady EITHER-SIDE.	*His wife.*
Lady TAILE-BUSH.	*The Lady Projectresse.*
PIT-FALL.	*Her Woman.*
AMBLER.	*Her Gentleman usher.*
SLEDGE.	*A Smith, the Constable.*
SHACKLES.	*Keeper of Newgate.*

SERIEANTS.

The Sceane, LONDON.

The Prologue.

THe DIVELL *is an* ASSE. *That is, to day,*
The name of what you are met for, a new Play,
Yet Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing us no place.
Though you presume SATAN *a subtill thing,*
And may have heard he's worne in a thumb-ring;
Doe not on these presumptions, force us act,
In compasse of a cheese-trencher. This tract
Will ne're admit our vice, because of yours.
Anone, who, worse then you, the fault endures
That your selves make? when you will thrust and spurne,
And knocke us o'the elbowes and bid, turne;
As if, when we had spoke, we must be gone,
Or, till we speake, must all runne in, to one;
Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would we could stand due North; *or had no* South,
If that offend: or were Muscovy *glasse,*
That you might looke our Scenes *through as they passe.*
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To see new Plaies, pray you affoord us roome,
And shew this, but the same face you have done
Your deare delight the Divell *of* Edmunton.
Or, if, for want of roome, it must mis-carry,
'Twill be but Iustice, that your censure tarry,
Till you give some. And when six times you ha'seen't,
If this Play *doe not like, the Divell is in't.*

THE

THE DIVELL IS AN ASSE.

Act. I. Scene. I.

Divell. Pug. Iniquity.

HOh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
To earth? and why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?
What wold'st thou do on earth? *Pug.* For that, (Chiefest
As time shall work, I do but aske my mon'th.
Which every petty *put'ne Divell* has;
Within that terme, the Court of *Hell* will heare
Something may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.
Sat. For what? the lamming a poore Cow, or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?
Or crossing of a Market-womans Mare,
'Twixt this and *Totnam*? these were wont to bee
Your maine atchievements, *Pug*, you have some plot, now,
Vpon a tonning of Ale, to stale the yest,
Or keepe the churne so, that the butter come not;
Spight o'the housewives cord, or her hot spit?
Or some good Ribibe, about *Kentish* Towne,
Or *Hogsden*, you would hang now, for a witch,
Because shee will not let you play round *Robbin*:
And you'll goe sowre the Cittisens Creame 'gainst Sunday?
That she may be accus'd fort, and condemn'd
By a *Middlesex* Jury, to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends, the *Londoners* wives
Whose teeth were set on edge with it? Foolish fiend,
Stay i'your place, know your owne strengths, and put not
Beyond the spheare of your activity.
You are too dull a Divell to be trusted
Forth into those parts, *Pug*, upon any affaire
That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
Every ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care
Whome it imployes, in point of reputation,
Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke

An Agent, to be ſent, for *Lancaſhire*,
Proper inough; or ſome parts of *Northumberland*,
So yo'had good inſtructions, *Pug.* *Pug.* O *Chiefe*!
You doe not know, deare *Chiefe*, what there is in mee.
Prove me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
And lend me but a *Vice*, to carry with me,
To practice there-with any play-fellow,
And, you will ſee, there will come more upon't,
Then you'll imagine, pretious *Chiefe*. *Sat.* What *Vice*?
What kinde wouldſt th'have it of? *Pug.* Why, any *Fraud*;
Coveteouſneſſe; or Lady *Vanity*;
old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.
What is he, calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a *Vice*?
his words be halfe ſpoken, I am with him in a trice;
here, there, and every where, as the Cat is with the mice:
True *vetus iniquitas*. Lack'ſt thou Cards, friend, or Dice?
I will teach thee cheat, Child, to cog, lye, and ſwagger,
And ever and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To ſweare by Gogs-nownes, like a luſty *Iuventus*,
Thy cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-houſe.
Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
With a Wench that ſhall feed thee, with cock-ſtones and gelly.
Pug. Is it not excellent, *Chiefe*? how nimble he is!
Ini. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leape
From the top of *Pauls*-ſteeple, to the Standard in *Cheape*:
And lead thee a dance, through the ſtreets without faile,
Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my taile.
We will ſurvay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our ſallyes,
Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and up the *Smock-allies*,
To *Shoreditch*, *Whitechappell*, and ſo to Saint *Kathernes*.
To drinke with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their patternes:
From thence, we will put in at *Cuſtome-houſe* key there,
And ſee, how the Factors, and Prentizes play there,
Falſe with their Maſters; and gueld many a full packe,
To ſpend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool ſacke*.
Pug. Brave, brave, *Iniquity*! will not this doe, *Chiefe*?
Ini. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the Bawds, and the Royſters,
At *Belins-gate*, feaſting with claret-wine, and oyſters,
From thence ſhoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the Cranes i'the *Vintry*,
And ſee, there the gimblets, how they make their entry!
Or, if thou hadſt rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,
'Gainſt the Lawyers come dabled from *Weſtminſter-hall*
And marke how they cling, with their clients together,
Like Ivie to Oake; ſo Velvet to Leather:
Ha, boy, I would ſhew thee. *Pug.* Rare, rare! *Div.* Peace, dotard,
And thou more ignorant thing, that ſo admir'ſt.
Art thou the ſpirit thou ſeem'ſt? ſo poore? to chooſe
This, for a *Vice*, t'advance the cauſe of *Hell*,
Now? as Vice ſtands this preſent yeare? Remember,
What number it is. *Six hundred* and *ſixteen*.

Had it but beene *five hundred*, though ſome *ſixty*
Above; that's *fifty* yeeres agone, and *ſix*.
(When every great man had his *Vice* ſtand by him,
In his long coat, ſhaking his woodden dagger)
I could conſent, that, then this your grave choice
Might have done that, with his Lord *Chiefe*, the which
Moſt of his chamber can doe now. But *Pug*,
As the times are, who is it, will receive you?
What company will you goe to? or whom mix with?
Where canſt thou carry him? except to Tavernes?
To mount up on a joynt-ſtoole, with a *Iewes*-trumpe,
To put downe *Cokeley*, and that muſt be to Citizens?
He ne're will be admitted, there, where *Venner* comes.
He may perchance, in taile of a Sheriffes dinner,
Skip with a rime o'the Table, from *New-nothing*,
And take his *Almaine*-leape into a cuſtard,
Shall make my Lad *Majoreſſe*, and her ſiſters,
Laugh all their hoods over their ſhoulders. But,
This is not that will doe, they are other things
That are receiv'd now upon earth, for Vices;
Stranger, and newer: and chang'd every houre.
They ride 'hem like their horſes off their legges,
And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,
Every weeke tyr'd. Wee, ſtill ſtrive to breed,
And reare 'hem up new ones; but they doe not ſtand,
When they come there: they turne 'hem on our hands.
And it is fear'd they have a ſtud o'their owne
Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
Will ſuddenly decay, if we prevent not.
Unleſſe it be a *Vice* of quality,
Or faſhion, now, they take none from us. Car-men
Are got into the yellow ſtarch, and Chimney-ſweepers
To their tobacco, and ſtrong-waters, *Hum*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. Wee muſt therefore aime
At extraordinary ſubtile ones, now,
When we do ſend to keepe us up in credit.
Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne back, Sir,
To making of your rope of ſand againe.
You are not for the manners, nor the times:
They have their *Vices*, there, moſt like to *Vertues*;
You cannot know 'hem, apart, by any difference:
They weare the ſame clothes, eate the ſame meate,
Sleepe i'the ſelfe-ſame beds, ride i'thoſe coaches.
Or very like, foure horſes in a coach,
As the beſt men and women. Tiſſue gownes,
Garters and roſes, foureſcore pound a paire;
Embrothered ſtockins, cut-worke ſmocks, and ſhirts,
More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
Then ere they were of true nobility!
But *Pug*, ſince you doe burne with ſuch deſire

To doe the Common-wealth of Hell ſome ſervice;
I am content, aſſuming of a body,
You goe to earth, and viſit men, a day.
But you muſt take a body ready made, *Pug*,
I can create you none, nor ſhall you forme
Your ſelfe an aery one, but become ſubject
To all impreſſion of the fleſh, you take,
So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
There is a handſome Cutpurſe hang'd at *Tiborne*,
Whoſe ſpirit departed, you may enter his body:
For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
Or let our tribe of Brokers furniſh you.
And, looke, how farre your ſubtilty can worke
Through thoſe organs, with that body, ſpie
Amongſt mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
And therefore the leſſe need to carry 'hem wi'you)
But as you make your ſoone at nights relation,
And we ſhall find, it merits from the State,
You ſhall have both truſt from us, and imploiment.
Pug. Moſt gracious *Chiefe*! *Div*. Onely, thus more I bind you,
To ſerve the firſt man that you meete; and him
He ſhewes Fitz-dottrel to him, comming forth. I'll ſhew you, now: Obſerve him. Yon' is he,
You ſhall ſee, firſt after your clothing. Follow him:
But once engag'd, there you muſt ſtay and fix;
Not ſhift, untill the midnights cocke doe crow.
Pug. Any conditions to be gone. *Div*. Away, then.

Act. I. Scene. II.

Fitz-dottrell.

I, they doe, now, name *Bretnor*, as before;
They talk'd of *Greſham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,
Franklin, and *Fiske*, and *Savory* (he was in too)
But ther's not one of theſe, that ever could
Yet ſhew a man the *Divell*, in true ſort.
They have their chriſtalls, I doe know, and rings,
And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens ſculls
Their ravens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,
With *characters*; I ha' ſeene all theſe. But——
Would I might ſee the *Divell*. I would give
A hundred o'theſe picture,, to ſee him
Once out of picture. May I prove a cuckold,
(And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
Have only made him. 'Slight, he would be ſeene,
One time or other elſe. He would not let
An ancient gentleman, of a good houſe,
As moſt are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrel's*,

Runne

Runne wild, and call upon him thus in vaine,
As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not,
At all, why, are there Conjurers? If they be not,
Why, are there lawes againſt 'hem? The beſt artiſts
Of *Cambridge*, *Oxford*, *Middleſex*, and *London*,
Eſſex, and *Kent*, I have had in pay to raiſe him;
Theſe fifty weekes, and yet h'appeares not. 'Sdeath,
I ſhall ſuſpect, they, can make circle onely,
Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe ſay,
H'will meet a man (of himſelfe) that has a mind to him.
If he would ſo, I have a minde and a halfe for him:
He ſhould not be long abſent. Pray thee, come
I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
And my wife, too; I could not more. Come, yet,
Good *Beelzebub*. Were he a kind divell,
And had humanity in him, he would come, but
To ſave ones longing. I ſhould uſe him well,
I ſweare, and with reſpect (would he would try me)
Not, as the Conjurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
Get him in bonds, and ſend him poſt, on errands.
A thouſand miles, it is prepoſterous, that:
And I beleeve, is the true cauſe he comes not.
And he has reaſon. Who would be engag'd,
That might live freely, as he may doe? I ſweare,
They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
They doe not know to entertaine the *Divell*.
I would ſo welcome him, obſerue his diet,
Get him his chamber hung with *arras*, two of 'hem,
I' my owne houſe; lend him my wives wrought pillowes:
And as I am an honeſt man, I thinke,
If he had a minde to her, too; I ſhould grant him,
To make our friend-ſhip perfect. So I would not
To every man. If he but heare me, now?
And ſhould come to me in a brave yong ſhape,
And take me at my word? ha! Who is this?

He expreſſes a longing to ſee the Divell.

Act. I. Scene. III.

Pug. Fitz-dottrell.

SIr, your good pardon, that I thus preſume
Upon your privacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
A younger brother; but in ſome diſgrace,
Now, with my friends: and want ſome little meanes,
To keepe me upright, while things be reconcil'd.
Pleaſe you, to let my ſervice be of uſe to you, Sir.
Fit. Service? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
Till I had view'd his ſhooes well: for, thoſe roſes
Were bigge inough to hide a cloven foot.

He looks and ſmells his feet, over and over,

No,

No, friend, my number's full. I have one ſervant,
Who is my all, indeed; and, from the broome
Unto the bruſh: for, juſt ſo farre, I truſt him.
He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
Butler, and Steward; lookes unto my horſe:
And helpes to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.
Pug. Sir, I ſhall put your worſhip to no charge,
More then my meate, and that but very little,
I'll ſerve you for your love. *Fit.* Ha? without wages?
I'le harken o'that eare, were I at leaſure.
But now, I'm buſie. 'Pr'ythe, friend forbeare mee,
And 'thou hadſt beene a *Divell*, I ſhould ſay
Somewhat more to thee. Thou doſt hinder, now,
My meditations. *Pug.* Sir, I am a *Divell.*
Fit. How! *Pug.* A true *Divell*, Sir. *Fit.* Nay, now, you ly:
Under your favour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.
I look'd o'your feet, afore, you cannot coozen me,
Your ſhoo's not cloven, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.
He viewes his feet againe.
Pug. Sir that's a popular error deceives many:
But I am that, I tell you. *Fit.* What's your name?
Pug. My name is *Divell*, Sir. *Fit.* Sai'ſt thou true. *Pug.* Indeed, Sir.
Fit. 'Slid! there's ſome *omen* i'this! what countryman?
Pug. Of *Derby-ſhire*, Sir, about the *Peake.* *Fit.* That Hole
Belong'd to your Anceſtors? *Pug.* Yes, *Divells* arſe, Sir.
Fit. I'll entertaine him for the name ſake. Ha?
And turne away my tother man? and ſaue
Foure pound a yeere by that? there's luck and thrift too!
The very *Divell* may come hereafter, as well.
Friend, I receive you: but (withall) I acquaint you,
Aforehand, if yo'offend mee, I muſt beat you.
It is a kind of exerciſe, I uſe.
And cannot be without. *Pug.* Yes, if I doe not
Offend, you can, ſure. *Fit.* Faith, *Divell*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your ſurname, 'cauſe I love it.

Act. I. Scene. IIII.

Ingine. Wittipol. Manly. Fitzdottrell. Pug.

YOnder he walkes, Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.
Wit. To him, good *Ingine*, raiſe him up by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.
Shew your ſelfe now, a *Mathematicall* broker.
Ing. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. *Wit.* 'Tis done, Sir.
Man. Is't poſſible there ſhould be ſuch a man?
Wit. You ſhall be your owne witneſſe, I'll not labour
To tempt you paſt your faith. *Man.* And is his wife

So

So very handſome, ſay you? *Wit.* I ha' not ſeene her,
Since I came home from travell: and they ſay,
Shee is not alter'd. Then before I went,
I ſaw her once; but ſo, as ſhe hath ſtucke
Still i'my view, no object hath remov'd her.
Man. 'Tis a faire gueſt, Friend, beauty: and once lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, ſhe hardly leaves the Inne.
How do's he keepe her? *Wit.* Very brave. However,
Himſelfe be ſordide, he is ſenſuall that way.
In every dreſſing, he do's ſtudy her.
Man. And furniſh forth himſelfe ſo from the *Brokers*?
Wit. Yes, that's a hyr'd ſuite, he now has on,
To ſee the *Divell* is an *Aſſe*, to day, in
(This *Ingine* gets three or foure pound a weeke by him)
He dares not miſſe a new *Play*, or a *Feaſt*,
What rate ſoever clothes be at; and thinkes
Himſelfe ſtill new in other mens old. *Man.* But ſtay,
Do's he love meat ſo? *Wit.* Faith he do's not hate it.
But that's not it. His belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reaſon. Mary,
A wit he has, of that ſtrange credit with him,
'Gainſt all mankinde; as it doth make him doe
Juſt what it liſt: it raviſhes him forth,
Whither it pleaſe, to any aſſembly or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, ſhould he ſcape
One publike meeting, out of the beliefe
He has of his owne great, and Catholike ſtrengths,
In arguing, and diſcourſe. It takes, I ſee:
H'has got the cloake upon him. *Fit.* A faire garment,
By my faith, *Ingine!* *Ing.* It was never made, Sir,
For threeſcore pound, I aſſure you: 'Twill yeeld thirty.
The pluſh, Sir, coſt three pound, ten ſhillings a yard!
And then the lace, and velvet. *Fit.* I ſhall, *Ingine*,
Be look'd at, prettily, in it! Art thou ſure
The *Play* is play'd to day? *Ing.* ô here's the bill, Sir.
I, had forgot to gi't you. *Fit.* Ha? the *Divell*!
I will not looſe you, Sirah! But, *Ingine*, thinke you,
The Gallant is ſo furious in his folly?
So mad upon the matter, that he'll part
With's cloake upo'thoſe termes? *Ing.* Truſt not your *Ingine*;
Breake me to pieces elſe, as you would doe
A rotten *Crane*, or an old ruſty *Iacke*,
That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with him.
Fit. I ſhall doe that, to ſatisfie you, *Ingine*,
And my ſelfe too. With your leave, Gentlemen.
Which of you is it, is ſo meere Idolater
To my wives beauty, and ſo very prodigall
Unto my patience, that, for the ſhort parlee?
Of one ſwift houres quarter, with my wife,
He will depart with (let me ſee) this cloake here
The price of folly? Sir, are you the man?

Ingine hath won Fitz-dottrel, to lay on the cloake.

He gives him the Play-bill.

He turnes to Wittipol.

Wit.

Wit. I am that vent'rer, Sir. *Fit.* Good time! your name
Is *Witty-pol*? *Wit.* The ſame, Sir. *Fit.* And'tis told me,
Yo'have travell'd lately? *Wit.* That I have, Sir. *Fit.* Truly,
Your travells have alter'd your complexion;
But ſure your wit ſtood ſtill. *Wit.* It may well be, Sir.
All heads ha'not like growth. *Fit.* The good mans gravity,
That left you land, your father, never taught you
Theſe pleaſant matches? *Wit.* No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make'hem, put me off. *Fit.* You are
Reſolv'd then? *Wit.* Yes, Sir. *Fit.* Beauty is the *Saint*,
You'll ſacrifice your ſelfe, into the ſhirt too?
Wit. So I may ſtill cloth, and keepe warme your wiſdome?
Fit. You lade me Sir! *Wit.* I know what you will beare, Sir,
Fit. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you ſay,
To ſpeake unto my wife? *Wit.* Only, to ſpeake to her.
Fit. And in my preſence? *Wit.* In your very preſence.
Fit. And in my hearing? *Wit* In your hearing: ſo,
You interrupt us not. *Fit.* For th' ſhort ſpace
You doe demand, the fourth part o'an houre,
Hee ſhrugs himſelfe up in the cloak. I think I ſhall, with ſome convenient ſtudy,
And this good helpe to boot, bring my ſelfe to't.
Wit. I aske no more. *Fit.* Pleaſe you, walk to'ard my houſe,
Speake what you liſt; that times yours: My right
I have departed with. But, not beyond,
A minute, or a ſecond, looke for. Length,
And drawing out, ma'advance much, to theſe matches.
And I except all kiſſing. Kiſſes are
Silent petitions ſtill with willing *Lovers*.
Wit. Lovers? How falls that o'your phantſie? *Fit.* Sir.
I doe know ſomewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.
Wit. I am not eager at forbidden dainties.
Who covets unfit thinks, denies him ſelfe.
Fit. You ſay well, Sir, 'Twas prettily ſaid, that ſame,
He do's, indeed. I'll have no touches, therefore,
Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles
Caſt 'bout the waſt, but all be done at diſtance.
Love is brought up with thoſe ſoft *mignard* handlings;
His pulſe lies in his palme: and I defend
All melting joynts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine)
I doe defend 'hem any thing like action.
But talke, Sir, what you will. Uſe all the *Tropes*
And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:
And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are welcome, Sir.
Ingine, God b'w'you. *Wit.* Sir, I muſt condition
To have this Gentleman by, a witneſſe. *Fit.* Well,
I am content ſo he be ſilent. *Man.* Yes, Sir.
Fit. Come *Divell*, I'll make you roome, ſtreight. But I'll ſhew you
Firſt, to your Miſtreſſe, who's no common one,
You muſt conceive, that brings gaine to ſee her.
I hope thou'ſt brought me good lucke. *Pug.* I ſhall do't. Sir.

Act. I. Scene. V.

Wittipol. Manly.

INgine, you hope o'your halfe piece? 'Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?
Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the iſſue of this conference!
Wit. For that, ne'r vex your ſelfe, till the event.
How like yo'him? *Man.* I would faine ſee more of him.
Wit. What thinke you of this? *Man.* I am paſt degrees of thinking.
Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,
With all their fruite of Monſters cannot ſhew
So juſt a prodigie. *Wit.* Could you have beleev'd,
Without your ſight, a minde ſo ſordide inward,
Should be ſo ſpecious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the ſhew, that ever ſhop, or ware was?
Man. I beleeve any thing now, though I confeſſe
His *Vices* are the moſt extremities
I ever knew in nature. But, why loves he
The *Divell* ſo? *Wit.* O Sir! for hidden treaſure,
He hopes to finde: and has propos'd himſelfe
So infinite a Maſſe as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the preſent,
To his men of Art, who are the race, may coine him.
Promiſe gold-mountaines, and the covetous
Are ſtill moſt prodigall. *Man.* But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargaine? *Wit.* O deare, Sir!
He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him.
One baſeneſſe ſtill accompanies another.
See! he is heere already, and his wife too.
Man. A wondrous handſome creature, as I live!

Wittipol *knocks his friend o'the breſt.*

Act. I. Scene. VI.

Fitz-dottrell. Miſtreſſe Fitz-dottrell. Wittipol. Manly.

COme wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, bluſh not.
Mrs. Fit. Why what doe you meane Sir? ha' you your reaſon?
I do not know, that I have lent it forth (*Fit.* Wife,
To any one at leaſt without a pawne, wife:
Or that I'have eate or drunke the thing, of late,
That ſhould corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,
Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts
Of diſputation. *Mrs. Fit.* Are you not enough
The talke, of feaſts, and meetings, but you'll ſtill
Make argument for freſh? *Fit.* Why, carefull wedlocke,

If I have a longing to have one tale more
Goe of me, what is that to thee, deare heart?
Why ſhouldſt thou envie my delight? or croſſe it?
By being ſolicitous, when it not concernes thee?
Mis. Fit. Yes I have ſhare in this. The ſcorne will fall
As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.
Fit. Laught at, ſweet bird? is that the ſcruple? Come, come,
A Niaiſe is a young Hawke, ſaue crying out of the neſt. Thou art a *Niaiſe*. Which of your great houſes,
(I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)
Your families in *France*, wife, ſend not forth
Something, within the ſeven yeere, may be laught at?
I doe not ſay ſeven moneths, nor ſeven weekes,
Nor ſeven daies, nor houres: but ſeven yeere wife.
I give 'hem time. Once within ſeven yeere,
I thinke they may doe ſomething may be laught at.
In *France*, I keepe me there, ſtill. Wherfore, wife,
Let them that liſt, laugh ſtill, rather then weepe
For mee; Heere is a cloake coſt fifty pound, wife,
Which I can ſell for thirty, when I ha' ſeene
All *London* in't, and *London* has ſeene me.
To day, I goe to the *Black-friers Play-houſe*,
Sit i'the view, ſalute all my acquaintance,
Riſe up betweene the *Acts*, let fall my cloake,
Publiſh a handſome man, and a rich ſuite
(As thats a ſpeciall end, why we goe thither,
All that pretend, to ſtand for't o'the *Stage*)
The Ladies aske who's that? (For, they do come
To ſee us, *Love*, as we doe to ſee them)
Now, I ſhall loſe all this, for the falſe feare
Of being laught at? Yes, wuſſe. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
Let me have ſuch another cloake to morrow.
And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
And then grow fat with laughing and then fatter,
All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too:
Shall I forbid 'hem? No let heaven forbid 'hem:
Or wit, if't have any charge on 'hem. Come, thy eare, wife,
Is all I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,
Thou, only art to heare, not ſpeake a word, *Dove*,
To ought he ſaies. That I do gi' you in precept,
No leſſe then councell, on your wive-hood, wife,
Not though he flatter you, or make court, or *Love*,
(As you muſt loke for theſe) or ſay, he raile;
What ere his arts bee, wife, I will have thee
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obſtinate ſilence;
I know adyantages; and I love to hit
He diſpoſes his wife to his place, and ſets his watch. Theſe pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.
Is your watch ready? Here my ſaile beares, for you:
Tack toward him, ſweet *Pinnace*, wher's your watch?
Wit. I'll ſet it, Sir, with yours. *Mis. Fit.* I muſt obey.
Man. Her modeſty ſeemes to ſuffer with her beauty,

And ſo, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pitty. *Fit.* Now, th'art right, beginne, Sir.
But firſt, let me repeat the contract, briefely.
I am, Sir, to injoy this cloake, I ſtand in,
Freely, and as your gift; upon condition
You may as freely, ſpeake here to my ſpouſe,
Your quarter of an houre alwaies keeping
The meaſur'd diſtance of your yard, or more,
From my ſaid Spouſe: and in my ſight and hearing.
This is your covenant? *Wit.* Yes, but you'll allow
For this time ſpent, now? *Fit.* Set 'hem ſo much backe.
Wit. I thinke, I ſhall not need it. *Fit.* Well, begin, Sir,
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that ruſh.
Wit. If you interrupt me, Sir, I ſhall diſcloake you.
The time I have purchaſt, Lady, is but ſhort;
And, therefore, if I imploy it thriftily,
I hope I ſtand the neerer to my pardon.
I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,
Or lovely, or how well you dreſſe you, Lady,
I'll ſave my ſelfe that eloquence of your glaſſe,
Which can ſpeake theſe things better to you then I,
And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be
As wiſe as a *Court Parliament*. Nor come I,
With any prejudice, or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
Leaſt revelation. Shee's a ſimple woman,
Know's not her good: (who ever knowes her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
To ſo much blaſted fleſh, as ſcarce hath ſoule,
In ſtead of ſalt, to keepe it ſweet; I thinke,
Will aske no witneſſes, to prove. The cold
Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That ſees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, ſometimes,
The Divell-given *Elfine* Squire, your husband,
Doth leave you, quitting heere his proper circle,
For a much-worſe i'the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,
Under the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vane, there
Will confeſſe for you. *Fit.* I did looke for this geere.
Wit. And what a daughter of darkeneſſe, he do's make you,
Lock'd up from all ſociety, or object;
Your eye not let to looke upon a face,
Under a Conjurers (or ſome mould for one,
Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,
As I now make; your owne too ſenſible ſufferings,
Without the extraordinary aydes,
Of ſpells, or ſpirits, may aſſure you, Lady.
For my part, I proteſt 'gainſt all ſuch practice,
I work by no falſe arts, medicines, or charmes
To be ſaid forward and backward. *Fit.* No, I except:

He repeats his contract againe.

Wittipol *beginnes.*

Wit. Sir, I ſhall eaſe you. *Fit.* Mum. *Wit.* Nor have I ends, Lady,
He offers to diſcloake him. Upon you, more then this: to tell you how *Love*
Beauties good Angell, he that waits upon her
At all occaſions, and no leſſe then *Fortune*,
Helps th'adventurous, in me makes that proffer,
Which never faire one was ſo fond, to loſe;
Who could but reach a hand out to her freedome.
On the firſt ſight I lov'd you: ſince which time,
Though I have travell'd, I have beene in travell
More for this ſecond bleſſing of your eies
Which now I'have purchas'd, then for all aimes elſe.
Thinke of it, Lady, be your mind as active,
As is your beauty: view your object well.
Examine both my faſhion, and my yeeres
Things, that are like, are ſoone familiar:
And Nature joyes, ſtill in equality.
Let not the ſigne o'the husband fright you, Lady.
But ere your ſpring be gone, injoy it. Flowers,
Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Think,
All beauty doth not laſt untill the *Autumne*.
You grow old, while I tell you this. And ſuch,
As cannot uſe the preſent, are not wiſe,
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
Why ſhould our will be wanting? This is all.
Wha doe you anſwer, Lady? *Fit.* Now, the ſport comes.
Shee ſtands mute. Let him ſtill waite, waite, waite: while the watch goes,
And the time runs. Wife! *Wit.* How! not any word?
Nay, then, I taſte a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
I cannot be ſo falſe to mine owne thoughts
Of your preſumed goodneſſe, to conceive
This as your rudeneſſe, which I ſee's impos'd.
Yet, ſince your cautelous *Iaylor*, here ſtands by you,
And yo'are deni'd the liberty o'the houſe;
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your ſilence,
(Which ever is interpreted conſent)
To make your anſwer for you: which ſhall be
To as good purpoſe, as I can imagine,
And what I thinke you'ld ſpeak. *Fit.* No, no, no, no.
He ſets Mr. Manly *his friend in her place.* *Wit.* I ſhall reſume, Sir. *Man.* Sir, what doe you meane?
Wit. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
Into your hoſe and doublet, nothing ſaves you.
And therefore harken. This is for your wife.
Man. You muſt play faire, Sir. *Wit.* Stand for me, good friend.
And ſpeakes for her. Troth, Sir, tis more then true, that you have uttred
Of my unequall, and ſo ſordide match heere,
With all the circumſtances of my bondage.
I have a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But ſuch a moon-ling, as no wit of man
Or roſes can redeeme from being an Aſſe.
H'is growne too much, the ſtory of mens mouthes

To ſcape his lading: ſhould I mak't my ſtudy,
And lay all waies, yea, call mankind to helpe,
To take his burden off, why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And, at a price, proclaimes his aſinine nature
So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.
But Sir, you ſeeme a Gentleman of vertue,
No leſſe then blood; and one that every way
Lookes as hee were of too good quality,
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her
Since you have paid thus deare, Sir, for a viſit,
And made ſuch venter, on your wit, and charge
Meerely to ſee me, or at moſt to ſpeake to me,
I were too ſtupid; or (what's worſe) ingrate
Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,
I may with ſafety doe it; I ſhall truſt
My love and honour to you, and preſume,
You'll ever husband both, againſt this husband;
Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,
To other enſignes, and with labour make
A new beaſt of him, as he ſhall deſerve,
Cannot complaine, he is unkindly dealth with.
This day he is to goe to a new play, Sir,
From whence no feare, no, nor authority,
Scarſely the Kings command, Sir, will reſtraine him,
Now you have fitted him with a Stage-garment,
For the meere names ſake, were there nothing elſe,
And many more ſuch journeies, he will make.
Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
Offer us opportunity, you heare, Sir,
Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
Meete, and enjoy it chearefully as you.
I humbly thanke you, Lady. *Fit.* Keepe your ground Sir.
Wit. Will you be lightned? *Fit.* Mum. *Wit.* And but I am,
By the ſad contract, thus to take my leave of you
At this ſo envious diſtance, I had taught
Our lips ere this, to ſeale the happy mixture
Made of our ſoules. But we muſt both, now, yeeld
To the neceſſity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,
But I can kiſſe, and touch, and laugh, and whiſper,
And doe thoſe crowning court-ſhips-too, for which
Day, and the publike have allow'd no name
But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude injury,
T'importune more, or urge a noble nature,
To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to:
Elſe, I ſhould ſpeake——But, Lady, I love ſo well,
As I will hope, you'll do ſo to. I have done, Sir.
Fit. Well, then, I ha'won? *Wit.* Sir, And I may win, too.
Fit. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
That ſhee ſhall hang forth enſignes at the window,

To

To tell you when I am abſent. Or I'll keepe
Three or foure foote-men, ready ſtill of purpoſe,
To runne and fetch you at her longings, Sir.
I'll goe beſpeake me ſtraight a guilt caroch,
For her and you to take the aire in: yes,
Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Friers*,
Viſit the painters, where you may ſee pictures,
And note the propereſt limbs, and how to make 'hem.
Or what doe you ſay unto a middling Goſſip?
To bring you aye together, at her lodging?
Under pretext of teaching o'my wife
Some rare receit of drawing *almond* milke? ha?
It ſhall bee a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w'you.
I ha' kept the contract, and the cloak is mine owne.
Wit. Why, much good do't you Sir; it may fall out,
That you ha'bought it deare, though I ha' not ſould it.
Fit. A pretty riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
Wife, your face this way, looke on me: and thinke
Yo'have had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.
He turnes his wife about.
Man. This is the ſtrangeſt motion I ere ſaw.
Fit. Now, wife, ſits this faire cloake the worſe upon me,
For my great ſufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you thinke? *Mis. Fit.* Why Sir, and you might ſee't.
What thought, they have of you, may be ſoone collected
By the young Gentlmans ſpeach. *Fit.* Young Gentleman?
Death! you are in love with him, are you? could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young?
Up to your Cabbin againe. *Mis. Fit.* My cage, yo' were beſt
To call it? *Fit.* Yes, ſing there. You'ld faine be making
Blanck Manger with it at your mothers! I know you.
Goe get you up. How now! what ſay you, *Divell*?

Act. I. Scene. VII.

Pug. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine.

HEere is one *Ingine*, Sir, deſires to ſpeake with you.
Fit. I thought he brought ſome newes, of a broker! well,
Let him come in, good *Divell*: fetch him elſe
O, my fine *Ingine*! what's th'affaire? more cheats?
Ing. No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great *Projector*,
I told you of, is newly come to towne.
Fit. Where, *Ingine*? *Ing.* I ha'brought him. (H'is without)
Ere he pull'd off his boots, Sir, but ſo follow'd,
For buſineſſe: *Fit.* But what is a *Projector*?
I would conceive. *Ing.* Why, one Sir, that projects
Waies to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,
But ſuites, by marriages, by undertaking:
According as he ſees they humour it.

Fit.

Fit. Can he not conjure at all? *Ing.* I thinke he can, Sir.
(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late,
The State hath tane ſuch note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,
To enter ſuch great bonds, they dare not practice.
Fit. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!
Ing. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the reſt.
Fit. I hope I ſhall: but *Ingine*, you do talke
Somewhat too much, o'my courſes. My Cloake-cuſtomer
Could tell me ſtrange particulars. *Ing.* By my meanes?
Fit. How ſhould he have 'hem elſe? *Ing.* You doe not know, Sir,
What he has: and by what arts! A monied man, Sir,
And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are!
Fit. That Gallant? *Ing.* You make the other waite too long, here:
And he is extreme punctuall. *Fit.* Is he a gallant?
Ing. Sir you ſhall ſee: He'is in his riding ſuit,
As he comes now from Court. But heere him ſpeake:
Miniſter matter to him, and then tell me.

Act. II. Scene. I.

Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine. Traines. Pug.

SIr, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge;
Fit to runne out on errands: Let her goe.
Vis pecunia! when ſhe's runne and gone,
And fled and dead; then will I fetch her, againe,
With *Aqua-vitæ*, out of an old Hogſ-head!
While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,
I'll never want her! Coine her out of cobwebs,
Duſt, but I'll have her! Raiſe wooll upon egge-ſhells,
Sir, and make graſſe grow out o'marro-bones.
To make her come. (Commend me to your Miſtreſſe, *To a waiter.*
Say, let the thouſand pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but ſee the creature
(Of fleſh, and blood) the man, the *Prince*, indeed,
That could imploy ſo many millions
As I would helpe him to. *Fit.* How, talks he? millions?
Mer. (I'll give you an account of this to morrow.) *To another.*
Yes, I will take no leſſe, and doe it too;
If they were *Myriades*: and without the *Divell*,
By direct meanes, it ſhall be good in law. *Ing.* Sir.
Mer. Tell Mr. *Wood-cock*, I'll not faile to meet him
Upon th'*Exchange* at night. Pray him to have
The writings there, and wee'll diſpatch it: Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good preſence,
A handſome man (I have conſidered you)

As

As a fit ſtocke to graft honours upon:
I have a Project to make you a Duke, now.
That you muſt be one, within ſo many moneths,
And I ſet down, out of true reaſon of ſtate,
You ſha' not avoid it. But you muſt harken, then.
Ing. Harken? why Sir, doe you doubt his eares? Alas!
You doe not know Maſter *Fitz-dottrel*.
Fit. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,
For rectifying him. *Mer.* Good! Why, *Ingine*, then
I'll tell you. (I ſee you ha' credit, here,
And, that you can keepe counſell, I'll not queſtion.)
He ſhall but be an undertaker with me,
In a moſt feaſible bus'neſſe. It ſhall coſt him
Nothing. *Ing.* Good, Sir. *Mer.* Except he pleaſe, but's count'nance;
(That I will have) t'appeare in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one. He ſhall not draw
A ſtring of's purſe. I'll drive his patent for him.
We'll take in Citizens, Commoners, and Aldermen,
To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,
Like ſo many dead flies, when 'tis carried.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd Land,
Whereof the Crown's to have a moiety,
If it be owner; Elſe, the Crowne and Owners
To ſhare that moiety: and the recoverers
T'enjoy the tother moiety, for their charge.
Ing. Throughout *England*? *Mer.* Yes, which will ariſe
To eighteene millions, ſeven the firſt yeere:
I have computed all, and made my ſurvay
Unto an acre, I'll beginne at the Pan,
Not, at the skirts: as ſome ha' done, and loſt,
All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,
Their bankes all borne away, or elſe fill'd up
By the next winter. Tut, they never went
The way. I'll have it all. *Ing.* A Gallant tract
Of land it is! *Mer.* 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.
We muſt let cheape, ever, at firſt. But Sir,
This lookes too large for you, I ſee. Come hither,
We'll have a leſſe. Here's a plaine fellow, you ſee him,
Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,
Wi'not be ſould for th'Earldome of *Pancridge*: Draw,
Gi'me out one, by chance. Project; foure dogs skins?
Twelve thouſand pound! the very worſt, at firſt.
Fit. Pray you let's ſee't Sir. *Mer.* 'Tis a toy, a trifle!
Fit. Trifle! 12. thouſand pound for dogſ-skins? *Mer.* Yes,
But, by way of dreſſing, you muſt know, Sir,
And med'cining the leather, to a height
Of improv'd ware, like your *Borachio*
Of *Spaine*, Sir. I can fetch nine thouſand for't——
Ing. Of the Kings glover? *Mer.* Yes, how heard you that?
Ing. Sir, I doe know you can. *Mer.* Within this houre

And reserve halfe my secret. Pluck another;
See if thou hast a happier hand: I thought so.
The very next worse to it! Bottle-ale.
Yet, this is two and twenty thousand! Pr'y thee
Pull out another, two or three. *Fit.* Good, stay, friend,
By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound?
Mer. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farthing,
O'the back-side, there you may see it, read,
I will not bate a *Harrington* o'the summe.
I'll winne it i'my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging o'my coppers,
The tonning, and subtilty o'my yest;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,
Turne up, and steepe, and worke, and neale, my selfe,
To a degree of *Prec'lane*. You will wonder,
At my proportions, what I will put up
In seven yeeres! for so long time, I aske
For my invention. I will save in corke,
In my mere stop'ling, 'bove three thousand pound,
Within that terme: by googing of 'hem out
Just to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.
There's infinite losse i'that. What hast thou there?
O'making wine of raisins: this is in hand, now,
Ing. Is not that strange, Sir, to make wine of raisins?
Mer. Yes, and as true wine, as th'wines of *France*,
Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*, Looke of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the *muscatell* grape, I'll render *muscatell*;
Of *Canary*, his; the *Claret*, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices,
Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.
Ing. But, how, Sir, if you raise the other commodity,
Raisins? *Mer.* Why, then I'll make it out of black-berries:
And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge lesse. Take out another. *Fit.* No, good Sir.
Save you the trouble, I'll not looke, nor heare
Of any, but your first, there; the *Drown'd-land*:
If't will doe, as you say. *Mer.* Sir, there's not place,
To gi'you demonstration of these things.
They are a little to subtle. But, I could shew you
Such a necessity in't, as you must be
But what you please: against the receiv'd heresie,
That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, Sir,
The greatnesse of th'estate shall throw't upon you.
If you like better turning it to money,
What may not you, Sir, purchase with that wealth?
Say, you should part with two o'your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I protest, I will, out of my divident,
Lay for some pretty principality,

He pluckes out the 2. Bottle-ale.

Hee drawes ont another. Raisines.

In *Italy*, from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
Fancy the ſmoake of *England*, rather? But—
Ha'you no private roome, Sir, to draw to,
T'enlarge our ſelves more upon. *Fit.* O yes, *Divell*!
Mer. Theſe, Sir, are bus'neſſes, aske to be carried
With caution, and in cloud. *Fit.* I apprehend,
They doe ſo, Sir, *Divell*, which way is your Miſtreſſe?
Pug. Above, Sir, in her chamber. *Fit.* O that's well.
Then this way good, Sir. *Mer.* I ſhall follow you; *Traines*,
Gi'me the bag, and goe you preſently,
Commend my ſervice to my Lady *Tail-buſh*.
Tell her I am come from Court this morning; ſay,
I'have got our bus'neſſe mov'd, and well: Intreat her,
That ſhe give you the foure-ſcore Angels, and ſee'hem
Diſpos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Eitherſide*.
Sometime, to day, I'll waite upon her Ladiſhip,
With the relation. *Ing.* Sir, of what diſpatch,
He is! Do you mark? *Mer.* *Ingine*, when did you ſee
My couſin *Ever-ill*? keepes he ſtill your quarter?
I'the *Bermudas*? *Ing.* Yes, Sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard. *Mer.* Be not you knowne to him,
That I am come to Towne: I have effected
A buſineſſe for him, but I would have it take him,
Before he thinks for't. *Ing.* It is paſt? *Mer.* Not yet.
'Tis well o'the way. *Ing.* O Sir! your worſhip takes
Infinite paines. *Mer.* I love Friends, to be active:
A ſluggiſh nature puts off man, and kinde.
Ing. And ſuch a bleſſing followes it. *Mer.* I thanke
My fate. Pray you let's be private, Sir? *Fit.* In, here.
Mer. Where none may interrupt us. *Fit.* You heare, *Divell*,
Lock the ſtreet-doores faſt, and let no one in
(Except they be this Gentlemans followers)
To trouble me. Doe you marke? Yo'have hard and ſeene
Something, to day; and, by it, you may gather
Your Miſtreſſe is a fruite, that's worth the ſtealing
And therefore worth the watching. Be you ſure, now,
Yo'have all your eies about you; and let in
No lace-woman; nor bawd, that brings French-maſques,
And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,
To convey letters. Nor no youths, diſguis'd
Like country-wives, with creame, and marrow-puddings.
Much knavery may be vented in a pudding,
Much baudy intelligence: They'are ſhrewd ciphers.
Nor turne the key to any neighbours need;
Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,
Put it out, rather: all out, to an aſhe,
That they may ſee no ſmoke. Or water, ſpill it:
Knock o'the empty tubs, that by the ſound,
They may be forbid entry. Say, we are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a ſpoone, or ſo.

I wi'not have good fortune, or gods bleſſing
Let in, while I am buſie. *Pug.* I'll take care, Sir,
They ſha'not trouble you, if they would. *Fit.* Well doe ſo.

Act. II. Scene. II.

Pug. Miſtreſſe *Fitz-dottrell.*

I Have no ſingular ſervice of this, now?
Nor no ſuperlative Maſter? I ſhall wiſh
To be in hell againe, at leaſure? Bring,
A *Vice* from thence? That had bin ſuch a ſubtilty,
As to bring broad-clothes hither: or tranſport
Freſh Oranges into *Spaine*. I finde it, now;
My *Chiefe* was i'the right. Can any fiend
Boaſt of a better *Vice*, then heere by nature,
And art, th'are owners of? Hell ne'r owne me,
But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls me along! To heare men ſuch profeſſors
Growne in our ſubtleſt *Sciences*! My firſt *Act*, now,
Shall be, to make this Maſter of mine cuckold:
The primitive worke of darkeneſſe, I will practiſe!
I will deſerve ſo well of my faire Miſtreſſe,
By my diſcoveries, firſt; my counſells after;
And keeping counſell, after that: as who,
So ever, is one, I'll be another, ſure,
I'll ha'my ſhare. Moſt delicate damn'd fleſh!
She will be! O! that I could ſtay time, now,
Midnight will come too faſt upon me, I feare,
To cut my pleaſure—— *Mis. Fit.* Looke at the back-doore, *She ſends*
One knocks, ſee who it is. *Pug.* Dainty *ſhe Divell*! *Divell out.*

Mis. Fit. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,
Out of my fancie; nor the Gentlemans way,
He tooke, which though 'twere ſtrange, yet 'twas handſome,
And had a grace withall, beyond the newneſſe.
Sure he will thinke me that dull ſtupid creature,
He ſaid, and may conclude it; if I finde not
Some thought to thanke th'attempt. He did preſume,
By all the carriage of it, on my braine,
For anſwer; and will ſweare 'tis very barren,
If it can yeeld him no returne. Who is it? *Divell returnes.*

Pug. Miſtreſſe, it is, but firſt, let me aſſure
The excellence, of Miſtreſſes, I am,
Although my Maſters man, My Miſtreſſe ſlave,
The ſervant of her ſecrets, and ſweet turnes,
And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

Mis. Fit. What's this? I pray you come to your ſelfe and thinke
What your part is: to make an anſwer. Tell,
Who is it at the doore? *Pug.* The Gentleman, Miſtreſſe,

Who was at the cloake-charge to ſpeake with you,
This morning, who expects onely to take
Some ſmall command'ments from you, what you pleaſe,
Worthy your forme, he ſaies, and gentleſt manners.
Mis. Fit. O! you'll anon prove his hir'd man, I feare,
What has he giv'n you, for this meſſage? Sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of ſtraw, and leave
To ſpread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take
Maſter *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no ſuch foule,
Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with ſtalking.
And wiſh him to for-beare his acting to me,
At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne* there,
That opens to my gallery: elſe, I ſweare
T'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leave him
To the juſt rage of his offended jealouſie.
Or if your Maſters ſenſe be not ſo quicke
To right me, tell him, I ſhall finde a friend
That will repaire me. Say, I will be quiet
In mine owne houſe? Pray you, in thoſe words give it him.
Pug. This is ſome foole turn'd! *Mis. Fit.* If he be the Maſter,
He goes out. Now, of that ſtate and wit, which I allow him;
Sure, he will underſtand me: I durſt not
Be more direct. For this officious fellow,
My husbands new groome, is a ſpie upon me,
I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himſelfe both apprehended, and requited.
I would not have him thinke he met a *ſtatue*:
Or ſpoke to one, not there, though I were ſilent.
How now? ha'you tould him? *Pug.* Yes. *Mis. Fit.* And what ſaies he?
Pug. Saies he? That which my ſelfe would ſay to you, if I durſt.
That you are proude, ſweet Miſtreſſe! and with-all,
A little ignorant, to entertaine
The good that's proffer'd; and (by your beauties leave)
Not all ſo wiſe, as ſome true politique wife
Would be: who having match'd with ſuch a *Nupſon*
(I ſpeake it with my Maſters peace) whoſe face
Hath left t'accuſe him, now, for't doth confeſſe him,
What you can make him; will yet (out of ſcruple,
And a ſpic'd conſcience) defraud the poore Gentleman,
At leaſt delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole ſtudy, how to compaſſe,
Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
He had his ends. For, looke you—— *Mis. Fit.* This can be
None but my husbands wit. *Pug.* My pretious Miſtreſſe.
Mis. Fit. It creaks his *Ingine*: The groome never durſt
Be, elſe, ſo ſaucy—— *Pug.* If it were not clearely,
His worſhipfull ambition; and the top of it;
The very forked top too: why ſhould he
Keepe you, thus mur'd up in a back-roome, Miſtreſſe,

Allow

Allow you ne'r a caſement to the ſtreete,
Feare of engendring by the eyes, with gallants,
Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.
Search your halfe pint of *muſcatell*, leſt a letter
Be ſuncke i'the pot: and hold your new-laid egge
Againſt the fire. leaſt any charme be writ there?
Will you make benefit of truth, deare Miſtreſſe,
If I doe tell it you: I do't not often?
I am ſet over you, imploy'd, indeed,
To watch your ſteps, your lookes, your very breathings,
And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right, delicate ſweet Miſtreſſe,
Why, we will make a *Cokes* of this *Wiſe Maſter*,
We will, my Miſtreſſe, an abſolute fine *Cokes*,
And mock, to aire, all the deepe diligences
Of ſuch a ſolemne, and effectuall Aſſe,
An Aſſe to ſo good purpoſe, as we'll uſe him.
I will contrive it ſo, that you ſhall goe
To *Plaies*, to *Maſques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feaſts*.
For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Miſtreſſe,
If you neate handſome veſſells, of good ſaile,
Put not forth ever, and anon, with your nets
Abroad into the world. It is your fiſhing.
There you ſhall chuſe your friends, your ſervants, Lady,
Your ſquires of honour; I'll convey your letters,
Fetch anſwers, doe you all the offices,
That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due *ſymmetrie*, the man
Of that proportion; or in rule
Of *phyſicke*, of the juſt complexion:
Or of that truth of *Piccardell*, in clothes,
To boaſt a ſoveraignty o're Ladies: yet
I know, to doe my turnes, ſweet Miſtreſſe. Come, kiſſe—
Mis. Fit. How now! *Pug.* Deare delicate Miſtreſſe, I am your ſlave,
Your little *worme*, that loves you: your fine *Monkie*;
Your *Dogge*, your *Iack*, your *Pug*, that longs to be
Stil'd, o'your pleaſures. *Mis. Fit.* Heare you all this? Sir, Pray you,
Come from your ſtanding, doe, a little, ſpare
Your ſelfe, Sir, from your watch, t'applaud your *Squire*,
That ſo well followes your inſtructions!

She thinkes her husband watches.

Act. II. Scene. III.

Fitz-dottrell. Mis. Fitz-dottrell. Pug.

HOw now, ſweet heart? what's the matter? *Mis. Fit.* Good!
You are a ſtranger to the plot! you ſet not
Your ſaucy *Divell*, here, to tempt your wife,

With

With all the insolent uncivill language,
Or action, he could vent? *Fit.* Did you so, *Divell?*
Mis. Fit. Not you? you were not planted i'your hole to heare him,
Upo'the stayres? or here, behinde the hangings?
I doe not know your qualities? he durst doe it,
And you not give directions? *Fit.* You shall see, wife,
Her husband goes out, and enters presently with a cudgell upon him. Whether he durst, or no: and what it was
I did direct. *Pug.* Sweet Mistresse, are you mad?
Fit. You most meere Rogue! you open manifest Villaine!
You Fiend apparant you! you declar'd Hel-hound!
Pug. Good Sir. *Fit.* Good Knave, good Rascall, and good Traitor.
Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Divell*, indeed.
Upo' the point of trust? I'your first charge?
The very day o'your probation?
To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,
How I directed him, *Mis. Fit.* Why, where Sir, were you?
Fit. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise:
After a pause. He strikes him againe, I told you, I should doe it. *Pug.* Would you had done, Sir,
Fit. O wife, the rarest man! yet there's another
To put you in mind o' the last. Such a brave man, wife!
Within, he has his projects, and do's vent 'hem,
and againe. The gallantest! where you *tentiginous*? ha?
Would you be acting of the *Incubus*?
Did her silkes rustling move you? *Pug.* Gentle Sir.
Fit. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Divell*,
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,
Goe, yet stay: yet goe too. I am resolv'd,
What I will doe: and you shall know't afore-hand.
Divell *goes out.* Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare?
I'll helpe your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!
He has such plots! He will make me a *Duke*!
No lesse, by heaven! six Mares, to your coach, wife!
That's your proportion! And your coach-man bald!
Because he shall be bare, inough, Doe not you laugh,
We are looking for a place, and all, i'the map
What to be of. Have faith, be not an Infidell.
You know I am not easie to be gull'd.
I sweare, when I have my *millions*, else, I'll make
Another *Duchesse*; if you ha' not faith.
Mis. Fit. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits,
Fit. Spirits? O, no such thing! wife! wit, meere wit!
This man defies the *Divell*, and all his works!
He dos't by *ingine*, and devises, he!
He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,
Will plough you forty acres, at once! and mills,
Will spout you water, ten miles off! All *Crowland*
Is ours, wife; and the fens, from us, in *Norfolke*,
To the utmost bound of *Lincoln-shire*! we have view'd it,
And measur'd it within all; by the scale!
The richest tract of land, Love, i'the kin[illegible]!

There

There will be made ſeventeene, or eighteene *millions*;
Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore, thinke,
Sweet heart, if th'haſt a fancy to one place,
More then another, to be *Dutcheſſe* of;
Now, name it: I will ha't, what ere it coſt,
(If't will be had for mony) either here,
Or'n *France*, or *Italy*. *Mis. Fit.* You ha'ſtrange phantaſies!

Act. II. Scene. IV.

Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine.

WHere are you, Sir? *Fit.* I ſee thou haſt no *talent*
This way, wife. Up to thy gallery; doe, *Chuck*,
Leave us to talke of it, who underſtand it.
Mer. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.
Gloc'ſter. *Fit.* O, no, I'll none! *Mer.* Why, Sir? *Fit.* Tis fatall.
Mer. That your ſay right in. *Spenſer*, I thinke, the younger,
Had his laſt honour thence. But, he was but *Earle*.
Fit. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas* of *Woodſtocke*,
I'm ſure, was *Duke*, and he was made away,
At *Calice*; as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury*:
And *Richard* the third, you know what end he came too.
Mer. By m'faith you are cunning i'the *Chronicle*, Sir.
Fit. No, I confeſſe I ha't from the *Play-bookes*,
And thinke they'are more *authentique*. *Ing.* That's ſure, Sir.
Mer. What ſay you (to this then) *Fit.* No a noble houſe. *He whiſpers him of a place.*
Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.
Mer. Then take one propoſition more, and here it
As paſt exception. *Fit.* What's that? *Mer.* To be
Duke of thoſe lands, you ſhall recover: take
Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd-lands*,
Or *Drown'd-land*. *Fit.* Ha? that laſt has a good ſound!
I like it well. The *Duke* of *Dround-'land*? *Ing.* Yes;
It goes like *Groen-land*, Sir, if you marke it. *Mer.* I,
And drawing thus your honour from the worke,
You make the reputation of that, greater;
And ſtay't the longer i'your name. *Fit.* 'Tis true.
Droun'd-lands will live in *Droun'd-land*! *Mer.* Yes, when you
Ha' no foote left; as that muſt bee, Sir, one day.
And, though it tarry in your heyres, ſome *forty*,
Fifty deſcents, the longer liver, at laſt, yet,
Muſt thruſt 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,
Or odde *Vice* o'ther owne not do't firſt.
We ſee thoſe changes, daily: the faire lands,
That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now:
And thoſe rich Mannors, there, of good man *Tailors*,
Had once more wood upon 'hem then the yard,
By which th'were meaſur'd out for the laſt purchaſe.

Nature

Nature hath theſe viciſſitudes. Shee makes
No man a ſtate of perpetuity, Sir.
Hee ſpies *Fit.* Yo'are i'the right. Let's in then, and conclude.
Divell. I my ſight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon.

Act. II. Scene. V.

Pug.

SUre he will geld me, if I ſtay: or worſe,
Pluck out my tongue, one o'the two. This Foole,
There is no truſting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt againſt my *Chiefe*, paſt pardon.
It was a ſhrewd diſheartning this at firſt!
Who would ha'thought a woman ſo well harneſs'd,
Or rather well-capariſon'd, indeed,
That weares ſuch petticoates, and lace to her ſmoks,
Broad ſeaming laces (as I ſee 'hem hang there)
And garters which are loſt, if ſhe can ſhew 'hem,
Could ha'done this? *Hell*! why is ſhee ſo brave?
It cannot be to pleaſe *Duke Dottrel*, ſure,
Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glaſſe;
Yet that may be: I have knowne many of'hem,
Beginne their pleaſure, but none end it, there:
(That I conſider, as I goe a long with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they thinke the better, ſpend an houre;
Two, three, or foure, diſcourſing with their ſhaddow:
But ſure they have a farther ſpeculation.
No woman dreſt with ſo much care, and ſtudy,
Doth dreſſe her ſelfe in vaine. I'll vexe this *probleme*,
A little more, before I leave it, ſure.

Act. II. Scene. VI.

Wittipol. Manly. Miſtreſſe *Fitz-dottrell. Pug.*

THis was a fortune,, happy aboue thought,
That this ſhould prove thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greateſt trouble! this muſt be
The very window, and that the roome. *Man.* It is.
I now remember, I have often ſeen there
A woman but I never mark'd her much.
Wit. Where was your ſoule, friend? *Man.* Faith, but now, and then,
Awake unto thoſe objects. *Wit.* You pretend ſo.
I e: me not live, if I am not in love
Mor: with her wit, for this direction, now,

Then

Then with her forme, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I ſaw her, and you, to day. Read thoſe.
They'll goe unto the aire you love ſo well.
Try 'hem unto the note, may be the muſique
Will call her ſooner; light, ſhee's here! Sing quickly.
He gives him a paper, wherein is the copy of a Song.

Mis. Fit. Either he underſtood him not: or elſe,
The fellow was not faithfull in delivery,
Of what I bad. And, I am juſtly pay'd,
That might have made my profit of his ſervice,
But, by miſ-taking, have drawne on his envy,
And done the worſe defeate upon my ſelfe.
How! Muſique? then he may be there: and is ſure.
Manly *ſings*, Pug *enters perceives it.*

Pug. O! Is it ſo? Is there the enter-view?
Have I drawne to you, at laſt, my cunning *Lady*?
The *Divell* is an *Aſſe*! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an inſtrument! and could not ſent it!
Well, ſince yo'have ſhowne the malice of a woman,
No leſſe then her true wit, and learning, Miſtreſſe,
I'll try, if little *Pug* have the malignity
To recompence it, and ſo ſave his danger.
'Tis not the paine, but the diſcredite of it,
The *Divell* ſhould not keepe a body intire.

Wit. Away, fall backe, ſhee comes. *Man.* I'll leave you, Sir,
The Maſter of my chamber. I have buſineſſe.

Wit. Mis.! *Mis. Fit.* You make me paint, Sir. *Wit.* The'are faire colours,
Lady, and naturall! I did receive
Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,
But ſo perplex'd, and wrap'd in the delivery,
As I may feare t'have miſ-interpreted:
But muſt make ſute ſtill, to be neere your grace.
This Scene *is acted at two windo's, as out of two contiguous buildings.*

Mis. Fit. Who is there with you, Sir? *Wit.* None, but my ſelfe.
It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging.
Wherein there's ſome conſpiracy of fortune
With your poore ſervants bleſt affections.

Mis. Fit. Who was it ſung? *Wit.* He, *Lady*, but he's gone,
Upon my intreaty of him, ſeeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.

Mis. Fit. Sir if you judge me by this ſimple action
And by the outward habite, and complexion
Of eaſineſſe, it hath, to your deſigne;
You may with Juſtice, ſay, I am a woman:
And a ſtrange woman. But when you ſhall pleaſe,
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,
To memory, which to day your ſelfe did urge:
It may beget ſome favor like excuſe,
Though none like reaſon. *Wit.* No, my tune-full Miſtreſſe?
Then, ſurely, *Love* hath none; nor *Beauty* any;
Nor *Nature* violenced, in both theſe:
With all whoſe gentle tongues you ſpeake, at once.

I thought I had inough remov'd, already,
That ſcruple from your breſt, and left yo'all reaſon;
When, through my mornings perſpective I ſhewd you
A man ſo above excuſe, as he is the cauſe,
Why any thing is to be done upon him:
And nothing call'd an injury, miſ-plac'd.
I'rather now had hope, to ſhew you how *Love*
By his acceſſes, growes more naturall:
And, what was done, this morning, with ſuch force
Was but devis'd to ſerve the preſent, then.
Hee growes more familiar in his Court-ſhip. That ſince love hath the honour to approach
Theſe ſiſter-ſwelling breſts; and touch this ſoft,
And roſie hand; he hath the skill to draw
Their *Nectar* forth, with kiſſing; and could make
More wanton ſalts, from this brave promontory,
Plaies with her paps, kiſſeth her hands, &c. Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe*;
Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout theſe nets;
And ſporting *Squirell* in theſe criſped groves;
Bury himſelfe in every *Silke-wormes* kell,
Is here unravel'd; runne into the ſnare,
Which every haire is, is caſt into a curle,
To catch a *Cupid* flying: Bath himſelfe
In milke, and roſes, here, and dry him, there;
Warme his cold hands, to play with this ſmooth, round,
And well torn'd chin, as with the *Billyard* ball;
Rowle on theſe lips, the banks of love, and there
At once both plant, and gather kiſſes. *Lady*,
Shall I, with what I have made to day here, call
All ſenſe to wonder, and all faith to ſigne
The miſteries revealed in your forme?
And will *Love* pardon me the blaſphemy
I utter'd, when I ſaid, a glaſſe could ſpeake
This beauty, or that fooles had power to judge it?

Doe but looke, on her eies! They doe light—
All that Love's *world comprizeth!*
Doe but looke on her haire! it is bright,
As Love's *ſtarre, when it riſeth!*
Doe but marke, her fore-head ſmoother,
Then words that ſooth her!
And from her arched browes, ſuch grace
Sheds it ſelfe through the face;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements ſtrife!

Have you ſeene but a bright Lilly grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of Snow,
Before the ſoyle hath ſmutch'd it?
Have you felt the wooll o'the Bever?

Or Swans downe, ever?
Or, have ſmelt o'the bud o'the Brier?
Or the Nard i'the fire?
Or, have taſted the bag o'the Bee?
O, ſo white! O, ſo ſoft! O, ſo ſweet is ſhee.

Act. II. Scene. VII.

Fitz-dottrell. Wittipol. Pug.

IS ſhee ſo, Sir? and, I will keepe her ſo.
If I know how, or can: that wit of man
Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this window
She ſhall no more be *buz'd* at. Take your leave on't.
If you be ſweet meates, wedlock, or ſweet fleſh,
Alls one: I doe not love this *hum* about you.
A fly-blowne wife is not ſo proper, In:
For you, Sir, looke to heare from me.. *Wit.* So, I doe, Sir.
Fit. No, but in other tearmes. There's no man offers
This to my wife, but paies for't, *Wit.* That have I, Sir.
Fit. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. *Wit.* What am I, Sir?
Fit. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha'cut your throat.
Wit. Goe, you are an *Aſſe*. *Fit.* I am reſolv'd on't, Sir.
Wit. I thinke you are. *Fit.* To call you to a reckoning.
Wit. Away, you brokers blocke, you property.
Fit. S'light, if you ſtrike me, I'll ſtrike your Miſtreſſe,
Wit. O! I could ſhoote my eyes at him, for that, now;
Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuckolds bane,
Inough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blinde, and moſt wicked change of fortune's this?
I ha'no aire of patience: all my vaines
Swell, and my ſinewes ſtart at iniquity of it.
I ſhall breake, breake. *Pug.* This for the malice of it,
And my revenge may paſſe! But, now, my conſcience
Tells mee, I have profited the cauſe of Hell
But little, in the breaking-off their loves.
Which, if ſome other act of mine repaire not,
I ſhall heare ill of my accompt. *Fit.* O, Bird!
Could you doe this? 'gainſt me? and at this time, now?
When I was ſo imploy'd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i'my care (more, then the land, I ſweare,
I'have hope to win) to make you peere-leſſe? ſtudying,
For footmen for you, fine pac'd huiſhers, pages,
To ſerve you o'the knee; with what Knights wife,
To beare your traine, and ſit with your foure women
In councell, and receive intelligences,
From forraine parts, to dreſſe you at all pieces!
Y'have (a'moſt) turn'd my good affection, to you;
Sowr'd my ſweet thoughts; all my pure purpoſes:

Her huſband appeares at her back.

Hee ſpeakes out of his wives window.

He ſtrikes his wife.

The Divell *ſpeakes below.*

Fitz-dott enters with his wife at come down.

I could now finde (i'my very heart) to make
Another, *Lady Dutcheſſe*; and depoſe you.
Well, goe your waies in. *Divell*, you have redeem'd all.
I doe forgive you. And, I'll doe you good.

Act. III. Scene. VIII.

Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ingine. Traines.

WHy ha'you theſe excurſions? where ha'you beene, Sir?
Fit. Where I ha'beene vex'd a little, with a toy!
Mer. O Sir! no toies muſt trouble your grave head,
Now it is growing to be great. You muſt
Be above all thoſe things. *Fit.* Nay, nay, ſo I will.
Mer. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you muſt put off
The man, Sir. *Ing.* He ſaies true. *Mer.* You muſt doe nothing
As you ha'done it heretofore; not know,
Or ſalute any man. *Ing.* That was your bed-fellow,
The other moneth. *Mer.* The other moneth? the weeke.
Thou doſt not know the priviledges, *Ingine*,
Follow that Title; nor how ſwift: To day,
When he has put on his Lords face once, then—
Fit. Sir, for theſe things I ſhall doe well enough,
There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
Such an untoward thing! ſhee'll never learne
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Conceipt, on her behalfe. *Mer.* Beſt have her taught, Sir.
Fit. Where? Are there any Schooles for *Ladies*? Is there
An *Academy* for women? I doe know,
For men there was: I learn'd in it, my ſelfe,
To make my legges, and doe my poſtures. *Ing.* Sir.
Doe you remember the conceipt you had—
O'the *Spaniſh* gowne, at home? *Mer.* Ha! I doe thanke thee,
With all my heart, deare *Ingine*. Sir, there is
A certaine *Lady*, here about the Towne,
An *Engliſh* widdow, who hath lately travell'd,
But ſhee's call'd the *Spaniard*; cauſe ſhe came
Lateſt from thence: keeps the *Spaniſh* habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women heere,
That are of ſpirit, and faſhion flocke, unto her,
As to their Preſident; their *Law*; their *Canon*;
More then they ever did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.
Such rare receipts ſhe has, Sir, for the face;
Such *oyles*; ſuch *tinctures*; ſuch *pomatumm's*;
Such *perfumes*; *med'cines*; *quinteſſences*, *&c.*
And ſuch a miſtreſſe of behavior;
She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the Doxey,
What is their due juſt: and no more! *Fit.* O Sir!
You pleaſe me i'this, more then mine owne greatneſſe.

Ingine *whiſpers* Merecraft, Mercraft *turnes to* Fitz-dottrel.

Where

Where is ſhe? Let us have her. *Mer.* by your patience,
We muſt uſe meanes; caſt how to be acquainted ——
Fit. Good Sir, about it. *Mer.* We muſt think how, firſt, *Fit.* O!
I do not love to tarry for a thing,
When I have a mind to't. You doe not know me.
If you doe offer it. *Mer.* Your wife muſt ſend
Some pretty token to her, with a complement,
And pray to be receiv'd in her graces,
All the great *Ladies* do't, *Fit.* She ſhall, ſhe ſhall,
What were it beſt to be? *Mer.* Some little toy,
I would not have it any great matter, Sir:
A *Diamant* ring, of *forty* or *fifty* pound,
Would doe it handſomely: and be a gift
Fit for your wife to ſend, and her to take.
Fit. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, ſtreight. *Mer.* Why this — Fitz-dottrel *goes out.*
Is well! the clothes we'have now: But where's this *Lady*?
If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingine*;
That were an excellent cracke. I could inſtruct him,
To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel.*
Ing. Why, Sir your beſt will be one o'the players!
Mer. No, there's no truſting them. They'll talke on't,
And tell their *Poets.* *Ing.* What if they doe? the jeſt
Will brooke the Stage. But there be ſome of hem
Are very honeſt Lads. There's *Dicke Robinſon*
A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had
The merrieſt ſupper of it there, one night,
The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him
To'a Goſſips feaſt, Now, he Sir brought *Dick Robinſon*,
Dreſt like a Lawyers wife, amongſt'hem all;
(I lent him cloathes) but, to ſee him behave it;
And lay the law; and carve; and drinke unto'hem;
And then talke baudy: and ſend frolicks! o!
It would have burſt your bottons, or not left you
A ſeame. *Mer.* They ſay hee's an ingenious youth!
Ing. O Sir! and dreſſes himſelfe, the beſt! beyond
Forty o'your very *Ladies*! did you ne'r ſee him?
Mer. No, I doe ſeldome ſee thoſe toyes. But thinke you,
That we may have him? *Ing.* Sir, the young Gentleman
I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it?
Mer. Yes doe it. *Fit.* S'light, I cannot get my wife — *Enters a-gain.*
To part with a ring, on any termes: and yet,
The ſollen *Monkey* has two. *Mer.* It were'gainſt reaſon,
That you ſhould urge it; Sir, ſend to a Gold-ſmith,
Let not her loſe by't. *Fit.* How do's ſhe loſe by't?
Is't not for her? *Mer.* Make it your owne bounty,
It will ha'the better ſucceſſe; what is a matter
Of *fifty* pound to you, Sir. *Fit.* I have but a hundred
Pieces, to ſhew here; that I would not breake ——
Mer. You ſhall ha'credit, Sir. I'll ſend a ticket

Unto my Gold-ſmith. Heere, my man comes too,
Traines enters. To carry it fitly. How, now, *Traines*? What birds?
Tra. Your Couſin *Ever-ill* met me, and has beat me,
Becauſe I would not tell him where you were:
I thinke he has dogd me to the houſe too. *Fit.* Well——
You ſhall goe out at the back-doore, then, *Traines.*
You muſt get *Guilt-head* hither, by ſome meanes:
Tra. 'Tis impoſſible! *Fit.* Tell him we have *veniſon*,
I'll g'him a piece, and ſend his wife a *Pheſant.*
Tra. A Forreſt moves not till that forty pound,
Yo'had of him, laſt, be pai'd. He keepes more ſtirre,
For that ſame petty ſome, then for your bond
Of *ſixe*; and *Statute* of *eight* hundred! *Fit.* Tell him
Wee'll hedge in that. Cry up *Fitz-dottrell* to him,
Double his price: Make him a man of mettall.
Tra. That will not need, his bond is currant inough.

Act. III. Scene. I.

Guilt-head. Plutarchus.

ALl this is to make you a Gentleman:
I'll have you learne, Sonne. Wherefore have I plac'd you
With Sir. *Pould Either-ſide*, but to have ſo much Law
To keepe your owne? Beſides, he is a *Iuſtice*,
Here i'the Towne; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,
You ſhall learne that in a yeere, ſhall be worth twenty
Of having ſtay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
Or ſending you to the *Innes* of *Court*, or *France.*
I am call'd for now in haſte, by Maſter *Meere-craft*
To truſt Maſter *Fitz-dottrell*, a good man:
I'have inquir'd him, eighteene hundred a yeere,
(His name is currant) for a diamant ring
Of forty, ſhall not be worth thirty (thats gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
Plu. O, but good father, you truſt too much! *Gui.* Boy, boy,
We live, by finding fooles out, to be truſted.
Our ſhop-bookes are our paſtures, our corn-grounds,
We lay'hem op'n, for them to come into:
And when we have 'hem there, we drive 'hem up
In t'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, ſtreight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
We Citizens never truſt, but we doe coozen:
For, if our debters pay, we coozen them;
And if they do not, then we coozen our ſelves.
But that's a hazard every one muſt runne,

That

That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman!
Plu. I doe not wiſh to be one, truly, Father.
In a deſcent, or two, we come to be
Juſt 'itheir ſtate, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
And I had rather ha'tarried i'your trade:
For, ſince the *Gentry* ſcorne the Citty ſo much,
Me thinks we ſhould in time, holding together,
And matching in our owne tribes, as they ſay,
Have got an *Act* of *Common Councell*, for it,
That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura*.
Gui. I, if we had an *Act* firſt to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heires unto 'hem:
And daughters, with ſuch laviſh portions,
That confounds all. *Plu.* And makes a *Mungril* breed, Father.
And when they have your money then they laugh at you:
Or kick you downe the ſtaires. I cannot abide 'hem.
I would faine have 'hem coozen'd, but not truſted.

Act. III. Scene. II.

Meere-craft. Guilt-head. Fitz-dottrell. Plutarchus.

O, Is he come! I knew he would not faile me.
Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I muſt ha'you doe
A noble Gentleman, a courteſie, here:
In a mere toy (ſome pretty Ring, or Jewell)
Fifty, or threeſcore pound (Make it a hundred,
And hedge in the laſt forty, that I owe you,
And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, Sir,
And you may hap' ſee him a great one! He,
Is likely to beſtow hundreds, and thouſands,
Wi'you; if you can humour him. A great Prince
He will be ſhortly. What doe you ſay? *Gui.* In truth, Sir
I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with us.
Fit. Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honeſty?
Thoſe are your Citizens long vacations.
Plu. Good Father do not truſt 'hem. *Mer.* Nay, *Thom. Guilt-head.*
He will not buy a courteſie and begge it:
He'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,
You muſt doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,
Is not yet proſtitute! Who's this? thy ſonne?
A pretty youth, what's his name? *Plu. Plutarchus*, Sir.
Mer. Plutarchus! How came that about? *Gui.* That yeere Sir,
That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's* lives,
And fell ſ' in love with the booke, as I call'd my ſonne
By'his name; In hope he ſhould be like him:
And write the lives of our great men! *Mer.* I'the City?
And you doe breed him, there? *Gui.* His mind, Sir, lies
Much to that way. *Mer.* Why, then, he is i'the right way.

Gui.

Gui. But, now, I had rather get him him a good wife,
And plant him i'the country; there to uſe
The bleſſing I ſhall leave him. *Mer.* Out upont't!
And loſe the laudable meanes, thou haſt at home, here,
T'advance, and make him a young *Alderman*?
Buy him a Captaines place, for ſhame; and let him
Into the world, early, and with his plume,
And Scarfes, march through *Cheapſide*, or along *Cornehill*,
And by the vertue' of thoſe, draw downe a wife
There from a windo', worth ten thouſand pound!
Get him the poſture booke, and's leaden men,
To ſet upon a table, 'gainſt his Miſtreſſe
Chance to come by, that he may draw her in,
And ſhew her *Finsbury* battells. *Gui.* I have plac'd him
With Juſtice *Etherſide*, to get ſo much law—
Mer. As thou haſt conſcience! Come, come, thou doſt wrong
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth
Of *London*, in the millitary truth—
That way his *Genius* lies. My Couſin *Everill!*

Act. III. Scene. III.

Ever-ill. Plutarchus. Guilt-head. Meer-craft. Fitz-dottrell.

O, Are you heere, Sir? 'pray you let us whiſper.
Plu. Father, deare Father, truſt him if you love me.
Guil. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,
Muſt not come eaſily from me: Wee muſt deale
With *Courtiers*, boy, as *Courtiers* deale with us.
If I have a *Buſineſſe* there, with any of them,
Why, I muſt waite, I'am ſure on't, Son: and though
My *Lord* diſpatch me, yet his worſhipfull man—
Will keepe me for his ſport, a moneth, or two,
To ſhew me with my fellow Cittizens.
I muſt make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the ſpectacle of his greatneſſe. There,
Nothing is done at once, but injuries, boy:
And they come head-long! all their good turnes move not,
Or very ſlowly. *Plu.* Yet ſweet father, truſt him.
Gui. Well, I will thinke.. *Ev.* Come, you muſt do't, Sir.
I'am undone elſe, and your *Lady Tail-buſh*
Has ſent for me to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had ſent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, ſome twenty
Of my Epiſtles, and no one returne—
Mer. Why, I ha' told you o'this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works! your fine gartring!
With your blowne roſes, Couſin! and your eating

Mere-craft tells him of his faults.

Pheſant,

Pheſant, and *Godwit*. here in *London*! haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides*! and wedging in with *Lords*,
Still at the table! and affecting lechery,
In velvet! where could you ha'contented your ſelfe
With cheeſe, ſalt-butter, and a pickled hering,
I'the Low-countries; there worne cloth, and fuſtian!
Beene ſatisfied with a leape o'your Hoſt's daughter,
In garriſon, a wench of a ſtorer! or,
Your *Sulters* wife, i'the leaguer, of two blanks!
You never, then, had runne upon this flat,
To write your letters miſſive, and ſend out
Your privy ſeales, that thus have frighted off
All your acquaintance; that they ſhun you at diſtance,
Worſe, then you do the Bailies! *Eve.* Pox upon you.
I come not to you for counſell, I lack money. *He repines,*
Mer. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already? *Eve.* I?
They owe you that meane to pay you. I'll beſworne,
I never meant it. Come, you will project,
I ſhall undoe your practice, for this moneth, ſer: *and threatens him.*
You know me. *Mer.* I yo'are a right ſweet nature!
Eve. Well, that's all one! *Mer.* You'll leave this Empire, one day?
You will not ever have this tribute payd,
Your ſcepter o'the ſword? *Eve.* Tye up your wit,
Doe, and provoke me not— *Mer.* Will you, Sir, helpe,
To what I ſhall provoke another for you?
Eve. I cannot tell; try me: I thinke I am not
So utterly, of an ore un-to-be-melted,
But I can doe my ſelfe good, on occaſions.
Mer. Strike in then, for your part. Mr. *Fitz-dottrel* *They joyne*
If I tranſgreſſe in point of manners, afford me
Your beſt conſtruction; I muſt beg my freedome
From your affaires, this day. *Fit.* How, Sir. *Mer.* It is
In ſuccor of this Gentlemans occaſions, Meere craft *pretends* buſineſſe.
My kinſ-man— *Fit.* You'll not doe me that affront, Sir.
Mer. I am ſorry you ſhould ſo interpret it;
But, Sir, it ſtands upon his being inveſted,
In a new, *office*, he has ſtood for, long:
Maſter of the *Dependances*! A place Meere-craft *deſcribes the* office *of* Depen-dancy.
Of my projection too, Sir, and hath met
Much oppoſition; but the State, now ſee's
That great neceſſity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their ſpeaking, againſt *Divells*,
They have erected it. His booke is drawne—
For, ſince, there will be differences, daily,
'Twixt Gentlemen; and that the roaring manner
Is growne offenſive; that thoſe few, we call
The civill men o'the ſword, abhorre the vapours;
They ſhall refer now, hither, for their *proceſſe*;
And ſuch as treſpaſſe 'gainſt the rule of *Court*,
Are to be fin'd— *Fit.* In troth, a pretty place!

Mer. A kinde of arbitrary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.
Fit. I shall have matter for it, I beleeve,
Ere it be long: I had a distast. *Mer.* But now, Sir,
My learned councell, they must have a feeling,
They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand gout
Be oyld, and I must furnish. If 't be money,
To me streight. I am Mine, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,
To supply all. What is't? a hundred pou d?
Eve. No th' *Harpey*, now stands on a hundred pieces.
Mer. Why, he must have 'hem, if he will. To morrow, Sir,
Will equally serve your occasion's,——
And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld
To timing a poore Gentlemans distresses,
In termes of hazard.——*Fit.* By no meanes! *Mer.* I must
Get him him this money, and will.——*Fit.* Sir, I protest,
I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe:
Then you should leave me. *Mer.* O good Sir, doe you thinke
So coursely of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be prest to take it:
Though you be pleas'd to offer it. *Fit.* Why by heaven,
I meane it! *Mer.* I can never beleeve lesse.
He offers to be gone. But we, Sir, must preserve our dignity,
As you doe publish yours. By your faire leave, Sir.
Fit. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
To leave me now, or if you doe refuse me,
I will not thinke you love me. *Mer.* Sir, I honour you.
And with just reason, for these noble notes,
Of the nobility, you pretend too! But, Sir——
I would know, why? a motive (he a stranger)
You should doe this? (*Eve.* You'll mar all with your fineneſse)
Fit. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
But I have a *Businesse*, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his *office*. *Mer.* O, Sir! I have done, then;
If he can be made profitable, to you.
Fit. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To have it the first *Businesse*? May I not?
Eve. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Businesse*.
Fit. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you: shew me once.
Mer. Sir, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Businesse*,
For his own honour! *Eve.* I, and th' reputation
To [illegible] of my place. *Fit.* Why, why doe I take this course, else?
I am not altogether, an *Asse*, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? doe you thinke?
To make a long on't? How's your manner? tell us.
Mer. Doe, satisfie him: give him the whole course.
Eve. First, by request, or otherwise you offer
Your *Businesse* to the *Court*: wherein you crave:
The judgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.
Fit. Well, that's done, now, what doe you upon it?
Eve. We streight Sir, haue recourse to the spring-head;

Visit

Visit the ground; and so disclose the nature:
If it will carry, or no. If we doe finde,
By your proportions it is like to prove
A sullen, and blacke *Bus'nesse* That it be
Incorrigible; and out of, treaty; then,
We file it, a *Dependance*! *Fit.* So 'tis fil'd.
What followes? I doe love the order of these things.
Eve. We then advise the party, if he be
A man of meanes and havings, that forth-with,
He settle his estate: if not, at least
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world
Takes notice, thatt inow is a *Dependance.*
And this we call, Sir, *Publication.*
Fit. Very sufficient! After *Publication*, now?
Eve Then we grant out our *Processe*, which is divers;
Either by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*,
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Provocador*,
And *Provocado*, have their severall courses——
Fit. I have enough on't! for an hundred pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, under-write me doe.
Your man will take my bond? *Mer.* That he will, sure,
But, these same Citizens, they are such sharks!
There's an old debt of forty, I ga'my word
For one is runne away, into the *Bermudas*,
And he will hooke in that, or he wi'not doe.
Fit. Why let him. That and the ring, and a hundred pieces,
Will all but make two hundred? *Mer.* No, no more, Sir.
What ready *Arithmetique* you have? do you heare?
A pretty mornings worke for you, this? Do it,
You shall ha' twenty pound on't. *Gui.* Twenty pieces?
(*Plu.* Good Father, do't) *Mer.* You will hooke still? well.
Shew us your ring. You could not ha'done this, now
With gentlenesse, at first, we might ha'thank'd you?
But groane, and ha'your courtesies come from you
Like a hard stoole, and stinke? A man may draw
Your teeth out easier, then your money? Come,
Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature,
I should ne'r love him, that could pull his lips off, now!
Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman? *Plu.* Yes, Sir.
Mer. And went to the Court at *Christmas*, and St. *Georges-tide*?
And lent the Lords-men, chaines? *Plu.* Of gold, and pearle, Sir.
Mer. I knew, thou must take, after some body!
Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-looke
I'll ha'thee Captaine *Guilt-head*, and march up,
And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the bush,
At every taverne! Thou shalt have a wife,
If smocks will mount, boy. How now? you ha'there now
Some *Bristo-stone*, or *Cornish* counterfet
You'ld put upon us. *Guil.* No, Sir, I assure you:

He whispers Fitz-dottrel *aside.*

And then Guilt-head.

He pulls Plutarchus *by the lips.*

He turns to old Guilt-head.

Looke on his luſter ! he will ſpeake himſelfe !
I'le gi'you leave to put him i'the Mill,
H'is no great, large ſtone, but a true *Paragon*,
H'has all his corners, view him well. *Mer.* H'is yellow.
Gui. Vpo'my faith, Sir, o'the right black-water,
And very deepe ! H'is ſet without a foyle, too.
Here's one o'the yellow water, I'll ſell cheape.
Mer. And what doe you valew this at ? thirty pound ?
Gui. No, Sir, he coſt me forty, ere he was ſet.
Mer. Turnings, you meane ? I know your *Equivocks* ;
You'are growne the better Fathers of'hem o'late,
Well, where't muſt goe, twill be judg'd, and therefore,
Looke you't be right. You ſhall have fifty pound for't.
Now to Fitz-dottrel. Not a dencer more ! And becauſe you would
Have things diſpatch'd, Sir, I'll goe preſently,
Inquire out this *Lady*, If you thinke good Sir.
Having an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with thoſe, now, to ſerve my kinſmans turnes,
That he may wait upon you, anon, the freer ;
And take'hem when you ha' ſeal'd, againe, of *Guilt-head*.
Fit. I care not if I doe ! *Mer.* And diſpatch all,
Together, *Fit.* Th'are juſt : a hundred pieces !
I' ha' told'hem over, twice a day, theſe two months.
He turnes 'hem out together. And Everill and he fall to ſhare. *Mer.* Well, goe and ſeale then, Sir, make your returne
As ſpeedy as you can. *Eve.* Come gi' me. *Mer.* Soft Sir.
Eve. Marry, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.
Mer. But you will heare ? *Eve.* Yes, when I have my divident.
Mer. There's forty pieces for you. *Eve.* What is this for ?
Mer. Your halfe. You know that *Guilt-head* muſt ha' twenty.
Eve. And what's your ring there ? ſhall I ha' none o'that ?
Mer. O, that's to be given to a *Lady* !
Eve. Is't ſo ? *Mer.* By that good light, it is. *Eve.* Come, gi' me
Ten pieces more then. *Mer.* Why ? *Eve.* For *Guilt-head* ? Sir,
Doe you thinke, I'll 'low him any ſuch ſhare. *Mer.* You muſt.
Eve. Muſt I ? Doe you your muſts, Sir, I'll doe mine,
You wi'not part with the whole, Sir ? Will you ? Goe too.
Gi' me ten pieces ! *Mer.* By what law doe you this ?
Eve. E'n Lyon-law, Sir, I muſt roare elſe. *Mer.* Good !
Eve. Yo'have heard, how th' *Aſſe* made his diviſions wiſely ?
Mer. And I am he, I thanke you. *Eve.* Much good doe you, Sir.
Mer. I ſhall be rid o'this tyranny, one day ? *Eve.* Not,
While you doe eate, and lie about the towne here ;
And coozen i'your bullions and I ſtand
Your name of credit, and compound your buſineſſe ;
Adjourne beatings every terme ; and make
New parties for your projects. I have now
A pretty taſque of it, to hold you in
Wi'your *Lady Taile-buſh* : but the toy will be,
How we ſhall both come off ? *Mer.* Leave your doubting,
And doe your portion, what's aſſign'd you : I

Never

Never fail'd yet. *Eve.* With reference to your aides?
You'll ſtill be unthankfull. Where ſhall I meete you anon?
You ha' ſome feate to be done alone, now, I ſee;
You wiſh me gone, well, I will finde you out,
And bring you after to the audit. *Mer.* S'light!
There's *Ingines* ſhare too, I had forgot! This raigne
Is too-too unſupportable! I muſt
Quit my ſelfe of this vaſſalege! *Ingine!* welcome.

Act. III. Scene. IV.

Meer-craft. Wittipol. Ingine.

HOw goes the cry? *Ing* Excellent well! *Mer.* Wil't do?
Where's *Robinſon?* *Ing.* Here is the Gentleman, Sir.
Will undertake t'himſelfe. I have acquainted him.
Mer. Why did you ſo? *Ing.* Why, *Robinſon* would ha'told him,
You know. And he's a pleaſant wit! will hurt
Nothing you purpoſe. Then, he is of opinion,
That *Robinſon* might have audacity,
She being ſuch a gallant. Now, he has beene,
In *Spaine*, and knowes the faſhions there; and can
Diſcourſe; and being but mirth (he ſaies) leave much,
To his care: *Mer.* But he is too tall! *Ing.* For that,
He has the braveſt device! (you'll love him for't)
To ſay, he weares *Cioppines*: and they doe ſo
In *Spaine*. And *Robinſon's* as tall, as he.
Mer. Is he ſo? *Ing.* Every jot. *Mer.* Nay, I had rather
To truſt a Gentleman with it, o'the two.
Ing. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and ſalute him.
Mer. Sir, my friend *Ingine* has acquainted you
With a ſtrange *buſineſſe*, here. *Wit.* A merry one, Sir.
The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*, and his *Ducheſſe*? *Mer.* Yes, Sir.
Now, that the *Conjurers* ha'laid him by,
I ha'made bold to borrow him a while;
Wit. With purpoſe, yet, to put him out I hope
To his beſt uſe? *Mer.* Yes, Sir. *Wit.* For that ſmall part,
That I am truſted with, put off your care:
I would not loſe to doe it, for the mirth,
Will follow of it; and well I have a fancy.
Mer. Sir, that will make it well. *Wit.* You will report it ſo.
Where muſt I have my dreſſing? *Ing.* At my houſe, Sir.
Mer. You ſhall have caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,
To ſix pence. *Wit.* You ſhall pardon me. I will ſhare, Sir,
I' your ſports, only: nothing i'your purchaſe.
But you muſt furniſh me with complements,
To th'manner of *Spaine*; my coach, my *guarda duenn'as*;
Mer. Ingine's your *Pro'vedor*. But, Sir, I muſt
(Now I'have entred truſt wi'you, thus farre)

He excepts at his ſtature.

Secure

Secure ſtill i'your quality, acquaint you
With ſomewhat, beyond this. The place deſign'd
To be the *Scene*, for this our merry matter,
Becauſe it muſt have countenance of women,
To draw diſcourſe, and offer it, is hereby,
At the *Lady Taile-buſhes*. *Wit*. I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman *huiſher*. *Mer*. Mr. *Ambler*? *Wit*. Yes, Sir.
Mer. Sir, it ſhall be no ſhame to me, to confeſſe
To you that we poore Gentlemen, that want acres,
Muſt for our needs, turne fooles up, and plough *Ladies*
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are: and this
Is no unfruitfull piece. She and I now,
Are on a project for the fact, and venting
Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint for *Ladies*)
To ſerve the kingdome: wherein ſhe her ſelfe
Hath travell'd, ſpecially by way of ſervice
Vnto her ſexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,
As the reward of her invention.
Wit. What is her end, in this? *Mer*. Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the ſecret:
Though ſhe pretend ſome other. For ſhe's dealing,
Already, upon caution for the ſhares,
And Mr. *Ambler*, is he nam'd *Examiner*
For the ingredients; and the *Regiſter*
Of what is vented; and ſhall keepe the *Office*.
Now, if ſhe breake with you, of this (as I
Muſt make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
That how experience gotten i'your being
Abroad, will helpe our buſineſſe) thinke of ſome
Pretty additions, but to keepe her floting:
It may be, ſhe will offer you a part,
Any ſtrange names of —— *Wit*. Sir, I have my inſtructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready?
Mer. Yes, Sir, *Ing*. The foole's in ſight, *Dottrel*. *Mer*. Away then.

Act. III. Scene. V.

Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrell, Pug.

RE Turn'd ſo ſoone? *Fit*. Yes, here's the ring: I ha' ſeal'd.
But there's not ſo much gold in all the row, he ſaies ——
Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane up for the gamſters.
Mer. There's a ſhop-ſhift! plague on'hem. *Fit*. He do's ſweare it.
Mer. He'll ſweare, and forſweare too, it is his trade,
You ſhould not have left him. *Fit*. S'lid, I can goe backe,
And beat him, yet. *Mer*. No, now let him alone.
Fit. I was ſo earneſt, after the maine *Buſineſſe*,
To have this ring, gone. *Mer*. True, and 'tis time.
I have learn'd, Sir, ſin'you went, her *Ladiſhip* eats

With

With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here, hard by. *Fit.* I'the lane here?
Mer. Yes, if yo'had a ſervant, now of preſence,
Well cloth'd, and of an aëry voluble tongue,
Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,
That could deliver your wives complement;
To ſend along withall. *Fit.* I have one Sir,
A very handſome, gentleman-like-fellow,
That I doe meane to make my *Dutcheſſe Vſher*—
I entertain'd him, but this morning, too:
I'll call him to you. The worſt of him, is his name!
Mer. She'll take no note of that, but of his meſſage.
Fit. Divell! How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little. *He ſhewes him his* Pug.
Let's ſee you move. *Mer.* He'll ſerve, Sir, give it him:
And let him goe along with me, I'll helpe
To preſent him, and it. *Fit.* Looke, you doe ſirah,
Diſcharge this well, as you expect your place.
Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours. *Gives him inſtructions.*
I would faine ſee him, do it. *Mer.* Truſt him, with it;
Fit. Remember kiſſing of your hand, and anſwering
With the *French*-time, in flexure of your body.
I could not ſo inſtruct him— and for his words—
Mer I'll put them in his mouth. *Fit.* O, but I have 'hem
O'the very *Academies!* *Mer.* Sir, you'll have uſe for'hem,
Anon, your ſelfe, I warrant you: after dinner,
When you are call'd. *Fit.* S'light, that'll be juſt *play*-time. *He longs to ſee the* play.
It cannot be, I muſt not loſe the *play*!
Mer. Sir, but you muſt, if ſhe appoint to ſit. *Becauſe it is the* Divell.
And, ſhe's preſident. *Fit.* S'lid, it is the *Divell*!
Mer. And 'twere his Damme too, you muſt now apply
Your ſelfe, Sir, to this, wholly; or loſe all.
Fit. If I could but ſee a piece— *Mer.* Sir. Never think on't.
Fit. Come but to one act, and I did not care—
But to be ſeene to riſe, and goe away,
To vex the Players, and to puniſh their *Poet*—
Keepe him in awe! *Mer.* But ſay, that he be one,
Wi'not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?
Fit. Then he ſhall pay for'his dinner himſelfe. *Mer.* Perhaps,
He would do that twice, rather then thanke you.
Come, get the *Divell* out of your head, my *Lord*,
(I'll call you ſo in private ſtill) and take
Your *Lord-ſhip* i'your minde. You were, ſweet *Lord*, *He puts him in mind of his quarrell.*
In talke to bringe a *Buſineſſe* to the *Office*. *Fit.* Yes.
Mer. Why ſhould not you, Sir, carry it o'your ſelfe,
Before the *Office* be up? and ſhew the world,
You had no need of any mans direction;
In point, Sir, of ſufficiency. I ſpeake
Againſt a kinſman, but as one that tenders
Your graces good. *Fit.* I thanke you; to proceed—
Mer. To *Publications*: ha'your *Deed* drawne preſently.
And leave a blancke to put in your *Feoffees*

One,

One, two, or more, as you ſee cauſe —— *Fit.* I thanke you
Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more,
I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
He is angry with himſelfe. That I could not thinke o'this, as well as he?
O, I could beate my infinite blocke-head —— ! (here
Mer. Come, we muſt this way. *Pug.* How far is't. *Mer.* Hard by
Over the way. Now, to atchieve this ring,
He thinkes how to coozen the bearer of the ring. From this ſame fellow, that is to aſſure it;
Before he give it. Though my *Spaniſh Lady*,
Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and ſcorne
To ſhare as he doth ſay, I doe not know
How ſuch a toy may tempt his *Ladyſhip*:
And therefore, I thinke beſt, it be aſſur'd.
Pug. Sir, be the *Ladies* brave, we goe unto?
Mer. O, yes. *Pug.* And ſhall I ſee 'hem, and ſpeake to 'hem?
Queſtions his man. *Mer.* What elſe? ha'you your falſe beard about you? *Traines.*
Tra. Yes. *Mer.* And is this one of your double Cloakes?
Tra. The beſt of 'hem. *Mer.* Be ready then. Sweet *Pitfall*!

Act. III. Scene. VI.

Mere-craft, Pitfall, Pug, Traines.

COme, I muſt buſſe —— *Pit.* Away. *Mer.* I'll ſet thee up againe;
Offers to kiſſe. Never feare that: canſt thou get ne'r a bird?
No *Thruſhes* hungry? Stay till cold weather come,
I'll helpe thee to an *Ouſell*, or a *Field-fare*.
She runs in, in haſte: he followes. Who's within with *Madame*? *Pit.* I'll tell you ſtraight.
Mer. Pleaſe you ſtay here a while Sir, I'll goe in.
Pug. I doe ſo long to have a little venery,
Pug *leaps at* While I am in this body! I would taſte
Pitfall's *comming in.* Of every ſinne, a little, if it might be
After the manner of man! *Sweet heart!* *Pit.* What would you, Sir?
Pug. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Blacke-bird,
My pretty pit (as the Gentleman ſaid) your *Throſtle*:
Lye tame, and taken with you; here'is gold!
To buy you ſo much new ſtuffes from the ſhop,
Traine's *in his falſe cloak brings a falſe meſſage, & gets the ring.* As I may take the old up —— *Tra.* You muſt ſend, Sir,
The Gentleman the ring. *Pug.* There 'tis. Nay looke,
Will you be fooliſh, *Pit.* *Pit.* This is ſtrange rudeneſſe.
Pug Deare *Pit.* *Pit.* I'll call, I ſweare. *Mer.* Where are you, Sir?
Is your ring ready? Goe with me. *Pug.* I ſent it you.
Mere craft *followes preſently, and askes for it.* *Mer.* Me? When? by whom? *Pug.* A fellow here, e'en now,
Came for it i'your name. *Mer.* I ſent none, ſure.
My meaning ever was, you ſhould deliver it,
Your ſelfe: So was your Maſters charge, you know.
Ent. Train's *as himſelfe againe.* What fellow was it, doe you know him? *Pug.* Here,
But now, he had it. *Mer.* Saw you any? *Traines?*
Tra. Not I. *Pug.* The gentleman ſaw him. *Mer.* Enquire.

Pug.

Pug. I was ſo earneſt upon her, I mark'd not!
My civelliſh *Chiefe* has put me here in fleſh,
To ſhame me! This dull body I am in,
I perceive nothing with! I offer at nothing,
That will ſucceed! *Tra.* Sir, ſhe ſaw none, ſhe ſaies.
Pug. *Satan* himſelfe, has tane a ſhape t'abuſe me.
It could not be elſe! *Mer.* This is above ſtrange!
That you ſhould be ſo reachleſſe. What'll you do Sir?
How will you anſwer this, when you are queſtion'd?
Pug. Run from my fleſh, if I could: put off mankind!
This's ſuch a ſcorne! and will be a new exerciſe,
For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the ſeverall cudgells,
Muſt ſuffer, on this backe! Can you no ſuckers? Sir?
Mer. Alas! uſe of it is ſo preſent. *Pug.* I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?
Mer. There is not ſo much time, Sir. But how ever,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To ſave a Gentleman from check) be intreated
To ſay, ſhe ha's receiv'd it. *Pug.* Do you thinke ſo?
Will ſhe be won? *Mer.* No doubt, to ſuch an office,
It will be a Lady's bravery, and her pride.
Pug. And not be knowne on't after, unto him?
Mer. That were a treachery! Upon my word.
Be confident. Returne unto your maſter,
My *Lady Preſident* ſits this after-noone,
Ha's tane the ring, commends her ſervices
Vnto your *Lady-Dutcheſſe*. You may ſay
She's a civell *Lady*, and do's give her
All her reſpects, already: Bad you tell her
She lives, but to receive her wiſh'd commandements,
And have the honour here to kiſſe her hands:
For which ſhee'll ſtay this houre yet. Haſten you
Your *Prince*, away. *Pug.* And Sir, you will take care
Th'excuſe be perfect? *Mer.* You confeſſe your feares.
Too much. *Pug.* The ſhame is more, I'll quit you of either.

The Divell *confeſſeth himſelfe coozen'd.*

Meere-craft *accuſeth him of negligence.*

He asketh aside.

Mere-craft *promiſeth faintly, yet comforts him.*

The Divell *is doubtfull.*

Act. VI. Scene. I.

Taile-buſh. Mere-craft, Manly.

A Pox upo' referring to *Commiſſioners*,
I'had rather heare that it were paſt the ſeales:
Your *Courtiers* move ſo Snaile-like i'your *Buſineſſe*.
Would I had not begun wi'you. *Mer.* Wee muſt move,
Madame, in order, by degrees: not jump.
Tai. Why, there was Sr. *John Monie-man* could jump

A *Buſineſſe* quickely. *Mer.* True he had great friends,
But becaule ſome, ſweet *Madame*, can leape ditches,
We muſt not all ſhunne to goe over bridges,
The harder parts, I make account are done:
He flatters her. Now 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' ſo cri'd it up!
Tay. Doe they like it then? *Mer.* They ha' ſent the *Spaniſh Lady*
To gratulate with you—— *Tay.* I muſt ſend 'hem thankes
And ſome remembrances. *Mer.* That you muſt, and viſit 'hem.
Where's *Ambler*? *Tay.* Loſt to day, we cannot heare of him.
Mer. Not *madame*? *Tay.* No in good faith. They ſay he lay not
At home to night, And here has fallen a *Buſineſſe*
Betweene your Couſin and Maſter *Manly*, has
Vnquieted us all. *Mer.* So I heare, *madame*.
Pray you how was it? *Tay.* Troth, it but appeares
Ill o'your Kinſmans part. You may have heard,
That *Manly* is a ſutor to me, I doubt not:
Mer. I gueſs'd it, *madame*. *Tay.* And it ſeemes he truſted
Your Couſin to let fall ſome faire reports
Of him unto me. *Mer.* Which he did! *Tay.* So farre
From it, as he came in and tooke him rayling
Againſt him. *Mer.* How! And what ſaid *Manly* to him?
Tay. Enough, I doe aſſure you: and with that ſcorne
Of him, and the injury, as I doe wonder
How *Everill* bore it! But that guilt undoe's
Many mens valors. *Mer.* Here comes *Manly*. *Man. madame*,
Manly *offers to be gone.* I'll take my leave— *Tay.* You ſha'not goe, i'faith.
I'll ha' you ſtay and ſee this Spaniſh miracle,
Of our Engliſh Lady. *Man.* Let me pray your Ladiſhip,
Lay your commands on me ſome other time.
Tay. Now, I proteſt: and I will have all piec'd,
And friends againe. *Man.* It will be but ill ſolder'd!
Tay. You are too much affected with it. *Man.* I cannot
Madame, but thinke on't for th'injuſtice. *Tay.* Sir,
Meer-craft *denies him.* His Kinſman here is ſorry. Not I Madame,
I am no kin to him, we but call Couſins,
And if we were, I have no relation
Vnto his crimes. *Man.* You are not urged with 'hem.
I can accuſe Sir, none but mine owne judgement,
For though it were his crime ſo to betray me;
I am ſure 'twas more mine owne, at all to truſt him.
But he therein did uſe but his old manners,
And tavor ſtrongly what he was before,
Tay. Come, he will change! *Man.* Faith, I muſt never thinke it.
Nor were it reaſon in me to expect
That for my ſake, he ſhould put off a nature
He ſuck'd in with his milke. It may be Madame,
Deceiving truſt is all he has to truſt to:
If ſo, I ſhall be loath that any hope
Of mine ſhould bate him of his meanes. *Tay.* Yo'are ſharpe Sir.

This

This act may make him honeſt! *Man.* If he were
To be made honeſt, by an act of *Parliament*,
I ſhould not alter, i'my faith of him. *Tay. Either-ſide!*
Welcome, deare *Either-ſide!* how haſt thou done, good wench?
Thou haſt beene a ſtranger! I ha'not ſeene thee, this weeke.

She ſpies the Lady Either-ſide.

Act. IIII. Scene. II.

Either-ſide. § To them

EVer your ſervant, *madame*. *Tay.* Where haſt'thou beene?
I did ſo long to ſee thee. *Eit.* Viſiting, and ſo tir'd!
I proteſt, *madame*, 'tis a monſtrous trouble!
Tay. And ſo it is. I ſweare I muſt to morrow,
Begin my viſits (would they were over) at *Court*.
It tortures me, to thinke on'hem. *Eit.* I doe heare
You ha'cauſe, *madame*, your ſute goes on. *Tay.* Who told thee?
Eit. One, that can tell: Mr. *Either-ſide*. *Tay.* O, t'y husband!
Yes faith, their's life in't, now: It is referr'd.
If we once ſee it under the ſeales, wench, then,
Have with 'hem for the great *Carroch*, ſixe horſes,
And the two *Coach-men*, with my *Ambler*, bare,
And my three women: we will live, i'faith,
The examples o'the towne, and governe it.
I'll leade the faſhion ſtill. *Eit.* You doe that, now,
Sweet *madame*. *Tay.* O, but then, I'll every day
Bring up ſome new device. Thou and I, *Either-ſide*,
Will firſt be in it, I will give it thee;
And they ſhall follow us. Thou ſhalt, I ſweare,
Weare every moneth a new gowne, out of it.
Eit. Thanke you good *madame*. *Tay.* Pray thee call mee *Taile-buſh*
As I thee, *Either-ſide*; I not love this, *madame*.
Eit. Then I proteſt to you *Taile buſh*, I am glad
Your *Buſineſſe* ſo ſucceeds. *Tay.* Thanke thee, good *Either-ſide*.
Eit. But Mr. *Either-ſide* tells me, that he likes
Your other *Buſineſſe* better. *Tay.* Which? *Eit.* O, the Toothpicks.
Tay. I never heard on't. *Eit.* Aske Mr. *Mere-craft*.
Mer. Madame? H'is one, in a word, I'll truſt his malice,
With any mans credit, I would have abus'd!
Man. Sir, if you thinke you doe pleaſe me, in this,
You are deceiv'd! *Mer.* No, but becauſe my *Lady*,
Nam'd him my kinſman, I would ſatisfie you,
What I thinke of him: and pray you, upon it
To judge mee! *Man.* So I doe: that ill mens friendſhip,
Is as unfaithfull, as themſelves. *Tay.* Doe you heare?
Ha'you a *Buſineſſe* about Tooth-picks? *Mer.* Yes, *madame*.
Did I ne'r tellt you? I ment to have offer'd it
Your *Lady-ſhip*, on the perfecting the patent.
Tay. How is't! *Mer.* For ſerving the whole ſtate with Tooth picks;

Meere-craft hath whiſper'd with the white.

The Project *for* Tooth-picks.

(Somewhat in intricate *Businesse* to discourse) but—
I shew, how much the Subject is abus'd,
First in that one commodity: then what diseases,
And putrefactions in the gummes are bred,
By those are made' of' adultrate, and false wood:
My plot, for reformation of these, followes.
To have all Tooth-picks, brought unto an *office*,
There seal'd; and such as counterfait 'hem, mulcted.
And last, for venting 'hem to have a booke
Printed, to teach their use, which every childe
Shall have throughout the kingdome, that can read,
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning
Early to practice, with some other rules,
Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chawing
Some graines of *mastick*, will preserve the breath
Pure, and so free from taint— ha' what is't? sai'st thou?

Trains *his man whispers him.*

Tay. Good faith, it sounds a very prety *Bus'nesse*!
Eit. So Mr. *Either-side* saies, *madame*. *Mer.* The *Lady* is come.
Tay. Is she? Good, waite upon her in. My *Ambler*
Was never so ill absent. *Either-side*,
How doe I looke to day? Am I not drest,

She lookes in her glasse.

Spruntly? *Fit.* Yes, verily, *madame*. *Tay.* Pox o' *madame*,
Will you not leave that? *Eit.* Yes good *Tail-bush*. *Tay.* So?
Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this,
Thou hast got on? *Eit.* 'Tis *Pearle*. *Tay.* *Pearle*? *Oister-shells*:
As I breath, *Either-side*, I know't. Here comes
(They say) a wonder, sirrah, has beene in *Spaine*!
Wil teach us all! shee's sent to me, from *Court*.
To gratulate with me! Pr'y thee, let's observe her,
What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,
When she is gone. *Eit.* That we will heartily, *Tail bush*.

Wittipol *enters.*

Tay. O, me! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants*!

Act. IV. Scene. III.

Mere-craft. Wittipol. } to them

MER. Here is a noble *Lady*, *madame*, come,
From your great friends, at *Court*, to see your *Ladi-ship*:

Wittipol *is drest like a* Spanish Lady.

And have the honour of your acquaintance. *Tay.* Sir.
She do's us honour. *Wit.* Pray you, say to her *Ladiship*,
It is the manner of *Spaine*, to imbrace onely,

Excuses him selfe for not kissing.

Never to kisse. She will excuse the custome!
Tay. Your use of it is law. Please you, sweete *madame*,
To take a seate. *Wit.* Yes, *madame*, I have had
The favour, through a world of faire report
To know your vertues, *madame*, ; and in that
Name have deserv'd the happinesse of presenting
My service to your *Ladiship*! *Tay.* Your love, *madame*,

I must not owne it else. *Wit.* Both are due *madame*,
To your great undertakings. *Tay.* Great? In troth, *madame*,
They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing:
If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any service,
I'have my ends, *madame*. *Wit.* And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, *madame*:
The common-wealth of *Ladies*, must acknowledge from you.
Eit. Except some envious, *madame*. *Wit.* Yo'are right in that, *madame*,
Of which race, I encountred some but lately.
Who ('t seemes) have studied reasons to discredit
Your *businesse*. *Tay.* How sweet *madame*? *Wit.* Nay, the parties
Wi'not be worth your pause—— Most ruinous things, *madame*,
That have put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of handsomenesse. *Tay.* But their reasons, *madame*?
I would faine heare. *Wit.* Some *madame*, I remember.
They say, that painting quite destroyes the face—
Eit. O, that's an old one, *madame*. *Wit.* There are new ones, too.
Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse
In kissing, as 'tis now us'd, but for fashion:
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decaies the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;
And suffers that runne riot everlasting!
And (which is worse) some *Ladies* when they meete
Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doo spit
In one anothers faces! *Man.* I should know
This voice, and face too: *Wit.* Then they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the saine, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dames*,
That are industrious, and desire to earne
Their living with their sweate! For any distemper
Of heate, and motion, may displace the colours;
And if the paint once runne about their faces,
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-favour'd,
Their servants run away, too, and leave the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning als'unpay'd.
Eit. Pox, these are *Poets* reasons. *Tay.* Some old *Lady*
That keeps a *Poet*, has devis'd these scandals.
Eit. Faith we must have the *Poets* banish'd, *madame*,
As Master *Either-side* saies. *Mer.* Master *Fitz-dottrell*?
And his wife: where? *madame*, the *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*,
That will be shortly. *Wit.* Is this my *Lord*? *Mer.* The same.

Manly *begins to know him.*

Act. IV. Scene. IV.

Fitz-dottrell. Mistresse *Fitz-dottrell. Pug.* } to them.

YOur servant, *madame*! *Wit.* How now? Friend? offended,
That I have found your haunt here? *Man.* No but wondring
At your strange fashion'd venture, hither. *Wit* It is
To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

Wittipol *whispers with* Manly.

Man.

Man. I thinke 'twill prove a med'cine againſt marriage;
To know their manners. *Wit.* Stay, and profit then.
Mer. The *Lady, madame*, whoſe *Prince* has brought her here,
He preſents Miſtreſſe Fitz-dottrell. To be inſtructed. *Wit.* Pleaſe you ſit with us *Lady*.
Mer. That's *Lady-Preſident*. *Fit.* A goodly woman!
I cannot ſee the ring, though. *Mer.* Sir, ſhe has it.
Tay. But *madame*, theſe are very feeble reaſons!
Wit. So I urg'd *madame*, that the new complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o'your *Ladiſhipes fucus*,
Had no *ingredient*—— *Tay.* But I durſt eate, I aſſure you.
Wit. So doe they in *Spaine*. *Tay.* Sweet *madame* be ſo liberall,
To give us ſome o'your *Spaniſh Fucuſes*!
Wit. They are infinite *madame*. *Tay.* So I heare they have
Water of *Gourdes*, of *Radiſh*, the white *Beanes*,
Flowers of *Glaſſe*, of *Thiſtles*, *Roſe-marine*.
Raw *Honey*, *Muſtard-ſeed*, and bread dough-bak'd,
The crums o'bread, *Goates milke*, and whites of *Egges*,
Campheere and *Lilly-rootes*, the fat of *Swannes*,
Marrow of *Veale*, white *Pidgeons*, and pine-*kernells*,
The ſeed of *Nettles*, *perſe'line*, and *hares gall*.
Limons, thine skind—— *Eit.* How, her *Ladiſhip* has ſtudied
All excellent things! *Wit.* But ordinary *madame*,
No, the true rarities are th' *Alvagada*,
And *Argentata* of Queene *Iſabella*!
Tay. I, what are their *ingredients*, gentle *madame*?
Wit. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Polidipedra*;
And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abezzo*,
Waſh'd in nine waters: *Soda di gotta*;
Groſta di ſerpe; *Porcelleto marino*;
Oyles of *Lentiſco*; *Zucchi Mugia*; make
The admirable *Verniſh* for the face,
Gives the right luſter; but two drops rub'd on
With a piece of ſcarlet, makes a *Lady* of ſixty
Looke at ſixteene. But above all, the water
Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Eſtifanias*!
Tay. O I, that ſame good *madame*, I have heard of:
How is it done? *Wit. madame*, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanſe it o'the inwards:
Then chop it, bones and all: adde to foure ounces
Of *Carrnuacins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope* of *Cyprus*,
Make the decoction, ſtraine it. Then diſtill it,
And keepe it in your galley-pot well glidder'd:
Three droppes preſerves from wrinckles, warts, ſpots, moles,
Blemiſh, or Sun-burnings, and keepes the skin
In decimo ſexto, ever bright, and ſmooth,
As any looking-glaſſe; and indeed is call'd
The Virgins milke for the face, *Oglioreale*;
A Ceruſe, neither cold or heat will hurt;
And mixt with oyle of *myrrhe*, and the red *Gilli-flower*

Call'd

Call'd *Cataputia*; and flowers of *Roviſtico*;
Makes the beſt *muta*, or die of the whole world.
Tay. Deare *madame*, will you let us be familiar? (Admirable!
Wit. Your *Ladiſhips* ſervant. *Mer.* How doe you like her. *Fit.*
But, yet, I cannot ſee the ring. *Pug.* Sir. *Mer.* I muſt
Deliver it, or marre all. This foole's ſo jealous.
Madame — Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take knowledge,
'Twas ſent you by his wife. And give her thanks,
Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare up. *Pug.* I thanke you, Sir.
Tay. But for the manner of *Spaine*! Sweet, *madame*, let us
Be bold, now we are in: Are all *Ladies*,
There, i'the faſhion? *Wit.* None but *Grandee's*, *madame*.
O'the claſp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,
Or thus, upon my arme. *Tay.* And doe they weare
Cioppino's all? *Wit.* If they be dreſt in *punto*, *madame*.
Fit. Guilt as thoſe are? *madame*? *Wit.* Of Goldſmiths work, *madame*;
And ſet with diamants: and their *Spaniſh* pumps
Of perfum'd leather. *Tay.* I ſhould thinke it hard
To goe in 'hem, *madame*. *Wit.* At the firſt, it is, *madame*.
Tai. Do you never fall in 'hem? *Wit.* Never. *Fit.* I ſweare, I ſhould
Six times an houre. *Wit.* But you have men at hand, ſtill,
To helpe you, if you fall? *Fit.* Onely one, *madame*,
The *Guarda duennas*, ſuch a little old man,
As this. *Fit.* Alas! he can doe nothing! this!
Wit. I'll tell you, *madame*, I ſaw i'the *Court* of *Spaine* once,
A *Lady* fall i'the Kings ſight, along.
And there ſhe lay, flat ſpred, as an *Vmbrella*,
Her hoope here crack'd; no man durſt reach a hand
To helpe her, till the *Guarda duennas* came,
Who is the perſon onel'allowed to touch
A *Lady* there: and he but by this finger.
Fit. Ha'they no ſervants, *madame*, there? nor friends?
Wit. An *Eſcudero*, or ſo *madame*, that waits
Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at diſtance,
And when they walke, or dance, holds by a hand-kercher,
Never preſumes to touch 'hem. *Fit.* This's ſcurvy!
And a forc'd gravity! I doe not like it.
I like our owne much better. *Tay.* 'Tis more *French*,
And *Courtly* ours. *Fit.* And taſts more liberty.
We may have our doozen of viſiters, at once,
Make love t'us. *Tay.* And before our husbands? *Fit.* Husband?
As I am honeſt, *Tayle-bnſh* I doe thinke
If no body ſhould love me, but my poore husband,
I ſhould e'n hang my ſelfe. *Tay.* Fortune forbid, wench:
So faire a necke ſhould have ſo foule a neck-lace,
Fit. 'Tis true, as I am handſome! *Wit.* I receiv'd, *Lady*,
A token from you, which I would not be
Rude to refuſe, being your firſt remembrance.
(*Fit.* O, I am ſatisfied now! *Mer.* Do you ſee it, Sir.)
Wit. But ſince you come, to know me, neerer, *Lady*,

He is jealous about his ring, and Mere-craft delivers it.

I'll

I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for me,
It must be so. *Mist. Fit.* Surely I have heard this tongue.
Mer. What doe you meane Sir? *Wit.* Would you ha'me mercenary?
Wittipol gives it Mistresse Fitzdottrell. Mere-craft murmures. He is satisfied, now he sees it. We'll recompence it anon, in somwhat else.
Fit. I doe not love to be gull'd, though in a toy.
Wife, doe you heare? yo'are come in the schoole, wife,
Where you may learne, I doe perceive it, any thing!
How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, wife; here 'tis taught.
And I am glad on't, that you may not say,
Another day, when honours come upon you,
You wanted meanes. I ha'done my parts: beene,
He upbraids her with his Bill of costs. To day at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,
To get you entred. Then let my new *Play*,
To wait upon you, here, to see't confirm'd.
That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,
Senses, you are my witnesse, sha'hath injoy'd
All helpes that could be had for love or money——
Mrs. Fit. To make a foole of her. *Fit.* Wife, that's your malice,
The wickednesse o'your nature to interpret
Your husbands kindnesse thus. But I'll not leave;
Still to doe good for your deprav'd affections:
Intend it. Bend this stubborne will; be great.
Tay. Good *Madame*, whom do they use in messages? (*Ladiship*.
Wit. They commonly use their slaves *Madam*. *Tai.* And do's your
Thinke that so good, *Madame*? *Wit.* No indeed *Madame*; I,
Therein preferre the fashion of *England* farre,
Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Vsher.
Fit. And I goe with your *Ladiship* in opinion,
Directly for your Gentleman-usher,
There's not a finer Officer goes on ground.
Wit. If he be made and broken to his place once.
Fit. Nay so I presuppose him. *Wit.* And they are fitter
Managers too Sir, but I would have 'hem call'd
Our *Escudero's*. *Fit.* Good. *Wit.* Say I should send
To your *Ladiship*, who (I presume) has gather'd
All the deare secrets to know how to make
Pastillos of the *Dutchesse* of *Braganza*,
Coquettas, *Almoiavana's*, *Mantecada's*,
Alcoreas, *Mustaccioli*; or say it were
The *Peladore* of *Isabella*, or *balls*
Against the itch, or *aqua navfa*, or *oyle*
Of *Iessamine* for gloves, of the *Marquesse Muja*;
Or for the head and haire: why, these are *offices*.
Fit. Fit for a gentleman, not a slave. They onely
Might aske for your *pivety*, *Spanish*-cole,
He enters himselfe with the Ladies. To burne and sweeten a roome: but the *Arcana*
Of *Ladies* Cabinets—— *Fit.* Should be else-where trusted.
Yo'are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,
Let me fall in wi'you. I ha' my female wit,

As well as my male. And I doe know what ſutes
A *Lady* of ſpirit, or a woman of faſhion!
Wit. And you would have your wife ſuch. *Fit.* Yes, *madame*, aërie,
Light; not to plaine diſhoneſty, I meane:
But, ſomewhat o'this ſide. *Wit.* I take you, Sir.
H'has reaſon *Ladies*. I'll not give this ruſh
For any *Lady*, that cannot be honeſt
Within a thred. *Tay.* Yes, *madame*, and yet venter
As far for th'other, in her Fame—*Wit.* As can be;
Coach it to *Pimlico*; dance the *Saraband*;
Heare, and talke baudy; laugh as loud, as a larum;
Squeake, ſpring, do any thing. *Eit.* In young company, *madame*.
Tay. Or afore gallants. If they be brave, or *Lords*,
A woman is ingag'd. *Eit.* I ſay ſo, *Ladies*,
It is civility to deny us nothing.
Pug. You talke of a *Vniverſity*! why, *Hell* is
A Grammer-ſchoole to this! *Eit.* But then,
Shee muſt not loſe a looke on ſtuffes, or cloth, *madame*. *The* Divell *admires him.*
Tay. Nor no courſe fellow. *Wit.* She muſt be guided, *madame*
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to ſalute, how farre— *Fit.* I ha'told her this.
And how that baudery too, upo'the point,
Is (in it ſelfe) as civell a diſcourſe—
Wit. As any other affaire of fleſh, what ever.
Fit. But ſhee will ne'r be capable, ſhe is not
So much as comming, *madame*; I know not how
Shee loſes all her opportunities
With hoping to be forc'd. I'have entertain'd *He ſhews his* Pug.
A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would faine breed up, her *Eſcudero*,
Againſt ſome expectation's that I have,
And ſhe'll not countenance him. *Wit.* What's his name?
Fit. Divell, o'*Darby-ſhire*. *Eit.* Bleſſe us from him! *Tay. Divell*?
Call him *De-vile*, ſweet *madame*. *Mis Fit.* What you pleaſe, *Ladies*.
Tay. De-vile's a prettier name! *Eit.* And ſounds, me thinks,
As it came in with the *Conqueronr*— *Man.* Over ſmocks!
What things they are? That nature ſhould be at leaſure
Ever to make 'hem! my woing is at an end. Manly *goes out with indignation.*
Wit. What can he do? *Eit.* Lets heare him. *Tay.* Can he manage?
Fit. Pleaſe you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Divell*.
Pug. Was all this but the preface to my torment?
Fit. Come, let their *Ladiſhip* ſee your honours. *Eit.* O,
He makes a wicked leg. *Tay.* As ever I ſaw!
Wit. Fit for a *Divell*. *Tay.* Good *madame*, call him *De-vile*.
Wit. De-vile, what property is there moſt required
I'your conceit, now, in the *Eſcudero*? *They begin their* Catechiſme.
Fit. Why do you not ſpeake? *Pug.* A ſetled diſcreet pauſe, *madame*.
Wit. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—
Fit. I, for his Valley is beneath the waſte, *madame*,

And to be fruitfull there, it is ſufficient.
Dulneſſe upon you! Could not you hit this?
Pug. Good Sir—— *Wit.* He then had had no barren head.
He ſtrikes him. You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. *Fit.* I muſt walke
With the *French* ſticke, like an old vierger, for you.
Pug. O, *Chiefe*, call me to *Hell* againe, and free me.
The Divell *praies.* *Fit.* Do you murmur now? *Pug.* Not I, Sir. *Wit.* What do you take
Mr. *Divele*, the height of your imployment,
In the true perfect *Eſcudero*? *Fit.* When?
What doe you anſwer? *Pug.* To be able, *madame*,
Firſt to enquire, then report the working,
Of any *Ladies* phyſicke, in ſweete phraſe,
Wit. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.
But what above? *Fit.* O, that I had a goad for him.
Pug. To finde out a good *Corne-cutter*. *Tay.* Out on him!
Eit. Moſt barbarous! *Fit.* Why did you doe this, now?
Of purpoſe to diſcredite me? you damn'd *Divell*.
Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I ſhall be. All
My daies in *Hell*, were holy-daies to this!
Tay. 'Tis labour loſt, *madame*? *Eit.* H'is a dull fellow
Of no capacity! *Tay.* Of no diſcourſe!
O, if my *Ambler* had beene here! *Eit.* I, *madame*;
You talke of a man, where is there ſuch another?
Wit. Mr. *Devile*, put caſe, one of my *Ladies*, heere,
Had a fine brach: and would imploy you forth
To treate 'bout a convenient match for her.
What would you obſerve? *Pug.* The color, and the ſize, *madame*.
Wit. And nothing elſe? *Fit.* The Moon, you calfe, the Moone!
Wit. I, and the Signe. *Tay.* Yes, and receits for proneneſſe.
Wit. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you doe?
Pug. Get their nativities caſt! *Wit.* This's well. What more?
Pug. Conſult the *Almanack-man* which would be leaſt?
Which cleaneſt? *Wit.* And which ſilenteſt? This's well, *madame*?
Wit. And while ſhe were with puppy? *Pug.* Walke her out,
And aire her every morning! *Wit.* Very good!
And be induſtrious to kill her fleas?
Pug. Yes! *Wit.* He will make a pretty proficient. *Pug.* Who,
Comming from *Hell*, could look for ſuch Catechiſing?
The *Divell* is an *Aſſe*. I doe acknowledge it.
Fitz-dottrel *amires* Wittipol. *Fit.* The top of woman! All her ſex in abſtract!
I love her, to each ſyllable, falls from her.
Tay. Good *madame* give me leave to goe aſide with him!
And try him a little! *Wit.* Do, and I'll with-draw, *madame*,
The Divell *praies againe.* With this faire *Lady*: read to her the while.
Tay. Come, Sir. *Pug.* Deare *Chiefe*, relieve me, or I periſh.
Wit. *Lady*, we'll follow. You are not jealous Sir?
Fit. O, *madame*! you ſhall ſee. Stay wife, behold,
He gives his wife to him, taking him to be a Lady. I give her up heere, abſolutely, to you,
She is your owne. Doe with her what yo will!
Melt, caſt, and forme her as you ſhall thinke good!

Set

Set any ſtamp on ! I'll receive her from you
As a new thing, by your owne ſtandard ! *Wit.* Well, Sir !

Act. IV. Scene. III.

Mere-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Pit-fall Ever-ill. Plutarchus.

BUt what ha'you done i'your *Dependance*, ſince ?
Fit. O, it goes on, I met your Couſin, the *Maſter*——
Mer. You did not acquaint him, Sir ? *Fit.* Faith, but I did, Sir.
And upon better thought, not without reaſon !
He being chiefe *Officer*, might ha'taine it ill, elſe,
As a *Contempt* againſt his Place, and that
In time Sir, ha'drawne on another *Dependance*.
No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready
To doe me any ſervice. *Mer.* So he ſaid to you ?
But Sir, you doe not know him. *Fit.* Why, I preſum'd
Becauſe this *buſ'neſſe* of my wives, requir'd me,
I could not ha'done better : And he told
Me, that he would goe preſently to your *Councell*,
A Knight, here, i'the Lane—— *Mer.* Yes, *Juſtice Either-ſide.*
Fit. And get the *Peoffments* drawne, with a letter of *Attorney*,
For *livery* and *ſeiſin* ! *Mer.* That I knowe's the courſe.
But, Sir, you meane not to make him *Feoffee* ?
Fit. Nay, that I'll pauſe on ! *Mer.* How now little *Pit-fall* ?
Pit. Your Couſin Mr. *Ever-ill*, would come in—
But he would know if Maſter *Manly* were here.
Mer. No, tell him, if he were, I ha'made his peace !
Hee's one, Sir, has no ſtate, and a man knowes not,
How ſuch a truſt may tempt him. *Fit:* I conceive you.
Eve. Sir, this ſame deed is done here. *Mer.* Pretty *Plutarchus* ?
Art thou come with it ? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it ?
Plu. His hand is to the draught. *Mer.* Will you ſtep in, Sir,
And reade it ? *Fit.* Yes. *Eve.* I pray you a word wi'you,
Sir *Paul Either-ſide* will'd me give you caution
Whom you did make *Feoffee* : for 'tis the truſt
O'your whole State : and though my Couſin heere
Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has
At the tall board bin queſtion'd ; and we hold
Any man ſo impeach'd of doubtfull honeſty !
I will not juſtifie this ; but give it you
To make your profit of it : if you utter it,
I can forſweare it ! *Fit.* I beleeve you, and thanke you, Sir.

Mere-craft whiſpers againſt him.

Everil whiſpers againſt Mere-craft.

Act. IV. Scene. VI.

Wittipol. Mistresse *Fitz-dottrel. Manly. Mere-craft.*

BE not afraid, sweet *Lady*: yo'are trusted
To love, not violence here; I am no ravisher,
But one, whome you, by your faire trust againe,
May of a servant make a most true friend.
Mis. Fit. And such a one I need, but not this way:
Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner
Of your attempting me, this morning tooke mee,
And I did hold m'invention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd, to give it a requitall;
But not unto your ends: my hope was then,
(Though interrupted, ere it could be utter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such language,
That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,
Could not but if those succours were demanded
To a right use, employ them vertuously!
And make that profit of his noble parts,
Which they would yeeld. Sir, you have now the ground,
To exercise them in: I am a woman,
That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,
Then you can read; match'd to a masse of folly;
That every day makes haste to his owne ruine;
The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent;
And (through my friends neglect) no joynture made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,
'Tis *Counsell* that I want, and honest aides:
And in this name, I need you, for a friend!
Never in any other; for his ill,
Must not make me, Sir, worse. *Man.* O friend! forsake not
The brave occasion, vertue offers you,
To keepe you innocent: I have fear'd for both;
And watch'd you to prevent the ill I fear'd.
But since the weaker side hath so assur'd me,
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,
Or be the lesse a friend, cause vertue needs him.
Wit. Vertue shall never aske my succours twice;
Most friend, most man; your *Counsells* are commands:
Lady, I can love *goodnesse* in you, more
Then I did *Beauty*; and doe here intitle
Your vertue to the power, upon a life
You shall engage in any faithfull service,
Even to forfeit. *Mer. Madame*: Do you heare, Sir,
We have another leg-strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.
He'ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate

Manly, *conceal'd this while, shewes himselfe.*

Meere-craft *taks* Wittipol *aside, & moves a project for himselfe.*

To

To be drawne yonder; ha'ſt within: And you,
Only, he meanes to make *Feoffee*. H'is falne
So deſperatly enamour'd on you, and talkes
Moſt like a mad-man: you did never heare
A *Phrentick*, ſo in love with his owne favour!
Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you ſtand; Therefore adviſe him
To put in me. (h'is come here:) You ſhall ſhare Sir.

Act. IV. Scene. VII.

Wittipoll. Miſtreſſe *Fitz-dottrell. Manly. Meere-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Ever-ill. Plutarchus.*

FIT. Madame, I have a ſute to you; and a fore-hand,
I doe beſpeake you; you muſt not deny me,
I will be graunted. *Wit.* Sir, I muſt know it, though.
Fit. No *Lady*; you muſt not know it: yet, you muſt too.
For the truſt of it, and the fame indeed,
Which elſe were loſt me. I would uſe your name,
But in a *Feoffment*: make my whole eſtate
Over unto you: a trifle a thing of nothing,
Some eighteene hundred. *Wit.* Alas! I underſtand not
Thoſe things Sir. I am a woman, and moſt loath,
To embarque my ſelfe—— *Fit.* You will not ſlight me, *madame*?
Wit. Nor you'll not quarrell me? *Fit.* No, ſweet *madame*, I have
Already a *dependance*; for which cauſe
I doe this: let me put you in, deare *madame*,
I may be fairely kill'd. *Wit.* You have your friends, Sir,
About you here, for choice. *Eve.* She tells you right, Sir.
Fit. Death, if ſhe doe, what doe I care for that?
Say, I would have her tell me wrong. *Wit.* Why, Sir,
If for the truſt, you'll let me have the honor
To name you one. *Fit.* Nay, you doe me honor, *madame*:
Who is't? *Wit.* This Gentleman. *Fit.* O, no, ſweet *madame*,
H'is friend to him, with whom I ha'the *dependance*.
Wit. O, might he be? *Fit.* One *Wittipol*: do you know him?
Wit. Alas Sir, he, a toy: This Gentleman
A friend to him, no more then I am Sir!
Fit. But will your *Ladiſhip* undertake that, *madame*?
Wit. Yes, and what elſe, for him, you will engage me.
Fit. What is his name? *Wit.* His name is *Euſtace Manly*.
Fit. Whence do's he write himſelfe? *Wit.* Of *Middle-ſex*,
Eſquire. *Fit.* Say nothing, *madame*. *Clerke*, come hether,
Write *Euſtace Manly*, Squire o' *Middle-ſex*.
Mer. What ha'you done, Sir? *Wit.* Nam'd a gentleman,
That I'll be anſwerable for, to you, Sir.
Had I nam'd you, it might ha'beene ſuſpected:

He hopes to be the man.

She deſignes Manly.

This

This way, 'tis safe. *Fit.* Come Gentlemen, your hands,
Everil *applaudes it.* For witnes. *Man.* What is this? *Eve.* You ha'made *Election*
Of a most worthy *Gentleman*! *Man.* Would one of worth
Had spoke it: whence it comes, it is
Rather a shame to me, then a praise.
Eve. Sir, I will give you any Satisfaction.
Man. be silent then: "falshood commends not truth.
Plu. You do deliver this, Sir, as your deed,
To th'use of Mr. *Manly*? *Fit.* Yes: and Sir——
When did you see yong *Wittipol*? I am ready,
For processe now; Sir, this is *Publication.*
He shall heare from me, he would needs be courting
Ny Wife, Sir. *Man.* Yes: So witnesseth his Cloake there.
Fitz-dottrel *is suspicious of* Manly *still.* *Fit.* Nay good Sir,—— *Madame*, you did undertake——
What. What? *Fit.* That he was not *Wittipols* friend. *Wit.* I heare
Sir, no confession of it. *Fit.* O she knows not;
Now I remember, *madame*! This young *Wittipol*,
Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,
Through a casement; he did fly her home
To mine owne window: but I thinke I lost him,
And ravish'd her away, out of his pownces.
I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares: I fear
The toy, wi' not do me right. *Wit.* No? that were pitty!
What right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you?
Wittipol *discovers himselfe.* *Fit.* Ha? *Wittipol*? *Wit.* I Sir, no more *Lady* now,
Nor *Spaniard*! *Man.* No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol.*
Fit. Am I the thing I feard'd? *Wit.* A *Cuckold*? No Sir,
But you were late in possibility,
I'll tell you so much. *Man.* But your wife's too vertuous!
Wit Wee'll see her Sir, at home, and leave you here,
To be made *Duke o' Shore-ditch* with a project.
Fit. Theeves, ravishers. *Wit.* Crie but another note, Sir,
He would have his deed *again.* I'll marre the tune, o'your pipe! *Fit.* Gi'me my deed, then.
Wit. Neither: that shall be kept for your wives goood,
Who will know, better how to use it. *Fit.* Ha'
To feast with my land? *Wit.* Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you, ere I goe, consult
You Master of dependances; how to make this
A second businesse, you have time Sir. *Fit.* Oh!
What will the ghost of my wise Grandfather,
Wittipol *baffles him, and goes out.* My learned *Father*, with my worshipfull *Mother*
Thinke of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their *Heire*? that am become
A *Cuckold*, and an *Asse*, and my wives Ward;
Likely to lose my land; ha'my throat cut:
All, by her practice! *Mer.* Sir, we are all abus'd!
Fit. And be so still! Who hinders you, I pray you,
Let me alone, I would injoy my selfe,
And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-Land*, you ha' made me.
Mer. Sir, we must play an *after game* o' this

Fit.

Fit. But I am not in caſe to be a *Gam-ſter*:
I tell you once againe—— *Mer.* You muſt be rul'd
And take ſome counſell. *Fit.* Sir, I doe hate counſell,
As I doe hate my wife, my wicked wife!
Mer. But we may thinke how to recover all:
If you will act. *Fit.* I will not think; nor act;
Nor yet recover; do not talke to me:
I'll runne out o'my witts, rather then heare;
I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz dottrel*,
Though all the world ſay nay to't. *Mer.* Let's follow him.

Act. V. Scene. I.

Ambler. Pitfall, Meer-craft,

BUt ha's my Lady miſt me? *Pit.* Beyond telling!
Here has been that infinity of ſtrangers!
And then ſhe would ha'had you, to ha'ſampled you
With, one within, that they are now a teaching;
And do's pretend to your ranck. *Amb.* Good fellow
Tel Mr. *Meer-craft*, I intreat a word with him. (*Pit-fall*
This moſt unlucky accident will goe neare
To be the loſſe o'my place; I am indoubt!
Mer. With me? what ſay you Mr. *Ambler*? *Amb.* Sir,
I would beſeech your worſhip ſtand betwene
Me, and my *Ladies* diſpleaſure, for my abſence.
Mer. O, is this all? I warrant you. *Amb.* I would tell you Sir
But how it happened. *Mer.* Briefe, good Mr. *Ambler*,
Put your ſelfe to your rack: for I have a taſque
Of more importance. *Amb.* Sir you'll laugh at me!
But (ſo is *Truth*) a verie friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liv'd
Too chaſt for my complexion (and indeed
Too honeſt for my place, Sir) did adviſe me
If I did love my ſelfe (as that I do,
I muſt confeſſe) *Mer.* Spare your *Parentheſis*,
Amb. To gi' my body a little evacuation—
Mer. Well, and you went to a whore? *Amb.* No, Sir. I durſt not
(For feare it might arive at ſome body's eare,
It ſhould not) truſt my ſelfe to a common houſe;
But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
And carry her bedding to a *Conduit-head*,
Hard by the place toward *Tiburne*, which they call
My L. Majors *Banqueting-houſe*. Now Sir, This morning
Was *Execution*; and I ner'e dream't on't,
Till I heard the noiſe o'the people, and the horſes;

Pitfall *goes out.*

Meere-craft *ſeemes full of buſineſſe.*

Ambler *tells this with extraordinary ſpeed.*

And

And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durſt ſtirre, till all was done and paſt: ſo that
He ſteps I'the *Interim*, we fell a ſleepe againe.
— *Mer.* Nay, if you fall, from your gallop, I am gone Sir.
Amb. But when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a ſute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my mony, with my purſe, and ſeales,
My hard-wax, and my table-books, my ſtudies,
And a fine new deviſe, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my civet, and my tooth-picks,
All under one. But, that which greiv'd me, was
The Gentlewomans ſhoes (with a paire of roſes,
And garters, I had given her for the buſineſſe)
So as that made us ſtay, till it was darke.
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, bare foot, to Saint *Giles'es*.
Mer. A kind of Iriſh penance! Is this all, Sir?
Amb. To ſatisfie my *Lady*. *Mer.* I will promiſe you, Sir.
Amb. I ha'told the true *Diſaſter*. *Mer.* I cannot ſtay wi'you
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your returne.
Amb. An honeſt gentleman, but he's never at leiſure
To be himſelfe: He ha's ſuch tides of buſineſſe.

Act. V. Scene. II.

Pug. Ambler.

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chiefe*, and put me
To yoaking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,
Pounding of water in a morter, laving
The ſea dry with a nut-ſhell, gathering all
The leaves are falne this *Autumne*, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of ſand,
Catching the windes together in a net,
Muſtring of ants, and numbring atomes; all
That hell, and you thought exquiſite torments, rather
Then ſtay me here, a thought more: I would ſooner
Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thouſand yeere, which of 'hem and how far
Out leap'd the other, then endure a minute
Such as I have within. There is no hell
To a *Lady* of faſhion. All your tortures there
Are paſtimes to it. 'Twould be a refreſhing
Ambler comes in, & ſurveies him. For me, to be i'the fire againe, from hence.
Amb. This is my ſuite, and thoſe the ſhoes and roſes!
Pug. Th'have ſuch impertinent vexations,
A generall Councell o' *divels* could not hit——
Ha! This is he I tooke a ſleepe with his *Wench*,
And borrowed his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him?

Amb.

Amb. Do you heare, Sir? *Pug.* Answer but not to th'purpose.
Amb. What is your name, I pray you Sir. *Pug.* Is't so late Sir? *He answers quite from the purpose.*
Amb. I aske not o'the time, but of your name, Sir.
Pug. I thanke you, Sir. Yes it dos hold Sir, certaine.
Amb. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and talke to you
About these clothes. *Pug.* A very pritty lace!
But the *Taylor* coffend me. *Amb.* No, I am coffend
By you! robb'd. *Pug.* Why, when you please Sir, I am
For three peny *Gleeke*, your man. *Amb.* Pox o' your *gleeke*,
And three pence. Give me an answere. *Pug.* Sir,
My master is the best at it. *Amb.* Your master!
Who is your Master. *Pug.* Let it be friday night.
Amb. What should be then? *Pug.* Your best songs *Tom o' Bet'lem*
Amb. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow, from purpose?
Or doe not I speake to him, what I meane?
Good Sir your name. *Pug.* Only a couple a'*Cocks* Sir,
If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in season.
Amb. He hopes to make one o'these *Scipticks* o'me *For Scepticks.*
(I thinke I name'him right) and do's not flie me.
I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!
I'll proove another way, to draw his answer.

Act. V. Scene. III.

Mere-craft. Fitz-dottrell. Everill. Pug.

IT is the easiest thing Sir, to be done.
As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eies,
And foame at th'mouth. A little castle-soape
Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,
With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire,
Did you ner'e read, Sir, little *Darrels* tricks,
With the boy o' *Burton*, and the 7 in *Lancashire*,
Summers at *Nottingham*? All these do teach it.
And wee'll give out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitch'd you: *They repeate their old plot.*
Eve. And practised with those two, as *Sorcerers*.
Mer. And ga'you potions, by which means you were
Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *feoffments*.
There's no recovery o'your estate, but this:
This, Sir, will sting. *Eve.* And move in a court of equity.
Mer. For it is more then manifest, that this was
A plot o'your wives, to get your land. *Fit.* I thinke it.
Eve. Sir it appeares. *Mer.* Nay and my cossen has knowne
These gallants in these shapes. *Eve.* T'have done strange things, Sir.
One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*.
Mer. How, a mans honesty may be fool'd! I thought him
A very *Lady*. *Fit.* So dd I: renounce me else.
Mer. But this way, Sir you'll be reveng'd at height.
Eve. Upon 'hem all. *Mer.* Yes faith, and since your Wife

Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en give her—
Fit. Loft by this hand, to me; dead to all ioyes
Of her deare *Dottrell*, I ſhall never pitty her:
That could, pitty her ſelfe. *Mer.* Princly reſolv'd Sir,
And like your ſelfe ſtill, in *Potentiâ*.

Act. V. Scene. IV.

Mere-craft, &c. to them. *Guilt-head. Sledge. Plutarchus. Serjants.*

Fitz dottrel *askes for his money.*

Guilt-head what newes? *Fit.* O Sir, my hundred peices:
Let me ha'them yet. *Gui.* Yes Sir, officers
Arreſt him. *Fit.* Me? *Ser.* I arreſt you. *Sle.* Keepe the peace,
I charge you gentlemen. *Fit.* Arreſt me? Why?
Gui. For better ſecurity, Sir. My ſonne *Plutarchus*
Aſſures me, y'are not worth a groat. *Plu.* Pardon me, *Father*,
I ſaid his worſhip had no foot of Land left:
And that I'll juſtifie, for I writ the deed.
Fit. Ha'you theſe tricks i'the citty? *Gui.* Yes, and more.
Meaning Mere-craft. Arreſt this gallant too, here, at my ſute.
Sle. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two yeere and a quarter. *Mer.* Why M. *Guilt-head*, Land-Lord,
Thou art not mad, though th'art *Conſtable*
Puft up with the pride of the place? Doe you heare, Sirs.
Have I deſerv'd this from you two? for all
My paines at *Court*, to get youeach a patent.
The Project *of ſorks.* *Gui.* For what? *Mer.* Upo'my project o' the *forkes*.
Sle. Forkes? what be they? *Mer.* The laudable uſe of forkes,
Brought into cuſtome here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th'ſparing o' *Napkins*. That, that ſhould have made
Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the furnace.
I ha'procured it, ha'the Signet for it,
Dealt with the *Linnen-drapers*, on my private,
By cauſe, I fear'd, they were the likelieſt ever
To ſtirre againſt, to croſſe it: for 'twill be
A mighty ſaver of *Linnen* through the Kingdome
(As that is one o'mygrounds, and ſo ſpare waſhing)
Now, on you two, had I laid all the profits.
Guilt-head to have the making of all thoſe
Of gould and ſilver, for the better perſonages;
And you of thoſe of *Steele* for the common ſort.
And both by *Patent*, I had brought you your ſeales in.
Sledge *is brought about.* But now you have prevented me, and I thanke you,
Sle. Sir, I will baile you, at my owne ap-perill.
And Guilt-head *comes.* *Mer.* Nay chooſe. *Plu.* Do you ſo too, good Father.
Gui. I like the faſhin o'the project, well,
The forkes! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would ſay, but fit for
Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare.

Officers

officers, we discharge you. *Mer.* Why this shewes
A little good nature in you, I confesse,
But doe not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
Advise your sire, great *Guilt-head* from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reversion,
For a matter o'fifty on a false *Alarme*,
Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. *Plu. Father.*

Act. V. Scene. V.

Ambler. § To them.

O Master *Sledge*, are you here? I ha'been to seeke you.
You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite
He weares, Sir. *Mer.* Who? M. *Fitz-dottrels* man?
Ware what you do, M. *Ambler*. *Amb.* Sir, these clothes
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooes the gentlewomans
I told you of: and ha'him afore a *Justice*,
I will. *Pug.* My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.
Amb. O, can you speake to purpose now? *Fit.* Not I, Fitz-dottrel *disclaimes him.*
If you be such a one Sir, I will leave you
To your *God-fathers* in Law. Let twelve men worke.
Pug. Do you heare Sir, pray, in private. *Fit.* Well, what say you?
Briefe, for I have no time to loose. *Pug.* Truth is, Sir,
I am the very *Divell*, and had leave
To take this body, I am in, to serve you:
Which was a *Cutpurses*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this suite
To cloth me with. But Sir let me not goe
To prison for it. I have hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; shown, indeed, no part.
O'my *Divels* nature. Now, I will so helpe
Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so advance
The businesse, that you have in hand of *witchcraft*,
And your *possession*, as my selfe were in you.
Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turne, to foame, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beat your selfe,
Laugh loud, and faine six voices—*Fit.* Out you Rogue!
You most infernall counterfeit wretch! Avant!
Do you thinke to gull me with your *Æsops Fables*?
Here take him to you, I ha'no part in him. *Pug.* Sir.
Fit. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you. *And sends him away.*
Mer. What said he to you, Sir? *Fit.* Like a lying raskall
Told me he was the *Divell*. *Mer.* How! a good jest!
Fit. And that he would teach me, such fine *divels* tricks
For our new resolution. *Eve.* O'pox on him,

'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him.

Mere-craft *gives the instructions to him and the rest.*

Mer. Why, if he were the *Divell*, we sha'not need him,
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir,
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be seen wi' you,
Till after, that you have a fit: and all
Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*
And perswade them. I'll to *Iustice Either-side*,
And possesse him with all. *Traines* shall seeke out *Ingine*,
And they to fill the towne with't, every cable
It is to be veer'd. We must imploy out all
Our *emissaries* now; Sir, I will send you
Bladders and *Bellowes*. Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t'out doe the *Divell* in:
A Boy o'thirteen yeere old made him an *Asse*
But t'other day. *Fit.* Well, I'll beginne to practice,
And scape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,
By mine owne act. *Mer.* Yo'are right. *Eve.* Come, you ha'put
Your selfe to a simpe coile here, and your freinds,
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new plots.
Mer. No more o'that, sweet cousin. *Eve.* What had you
To doe with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady*?
Mer. Question not that: 'tis done. *Eve.* You had some straine
'Bove *E-la*? *Mer.* I had indeed. *Eve.* And, now, you crack fort.
Mer. Do not upbraid me. *Eve.* Come, you must be told on't;
You are so covetous, still, to imbrace
More then you can, that you loose all. *Mer.* 'Tis right.
What would you more, then Guilty? Now, your succours.

Act. V. Scene. VI.

Shakles. Pug. Iniquity. Divell.

HEre you are lodg'd, Sir, you must send your garnish,
If you'll be privat. *Pug.* There it is, Sir, leave me.

Pug *is brought to* New-gate.

To *New-gate*, brought? How is the name of *Divell*
Discredited in me! What a lost fiend
Shall I be, on returne? My *Chiefe* will roare
In triumph, now, that I have beene on earth,
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.

Enter Iniquity *the* Vice.

Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
My utmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepes:
He is so still, and moves not! I do glory
Now i'my torment. Neither can I expect it,
I have it with my fact. *Ini. Child* of hell, be thou merry:
Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
Cast care at thy posternes; and firke in thy fetters,
They are ornaments, *Baby*, have graced thy betters:
Looke upon me, and hearken. Our *Chiefe* doth salute thee,

And

And least the could yron should chance to confute thee,
H'hath sent thee, *grant-paroll* by me to stay longer
A moneth here on earth, against cold *Child*, or honger
Pug. How? longer here a moneth? *Ini.* Yes, boy, till the *Session*,
That to thou maiest have a triumphall egression.
Pug. In a cart, to be hang'd. *Ini.* No, *Child*, in a Carre,
The charriot of Triumph, which most of them are.
And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged and louzy,
With dam'n me, renounce me, and all the fine phrases;
That bring, unto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.
Pug. He is a *Divell*! and may be our *Chiefe*!
The great superior *Divell*! for his malice:
Arch-divel! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would suffer, when he tie'd me up thus
In a rogues body: and he has (I thanke him)
His tirannous pleasure on me, to confine me
To the unlucky carcasse of a *Cutpurse*
Wherin I could do nothing. *Div.* Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Doest thou not shame and tremble
To lay thine owne dull damn'd defects upon
An innocent case, there? Why thou heavy slave!
The spirit, that did possesse that flesh before
Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe.
Then thou in the whole Masse. Yet thou rebell'st
And murmurst? What one proffer hast thou made,
Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine owne, much lesse the name that sent thee?
First, thou did'st helpe thy selfe into a beating
Promptly, and with't endangerdd'st too thy tongue:
A *Divell*, and could not keepe a body intire
One day! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,
Hinderd'st (for ought thou know'st) a deed of darknesse:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, to'ard the *Divell*, could ha'thought on.
This for your acting! but for suffering! why
Thou hast beene cheated on, with a false beard,
And a turn'd cloake. Faith would your predecessour
The *Cutpurse*, thinke you, ha' been so? Out upon thee,
The hurt th'hast don, to let men know their strength,
And that they are able to out-doe a *divel*
Put in a body, will for ever be
A scarre upon our Name! whom hast thou dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but have out-gone thee
Some way, and most have prov'd the better fiends?
Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, hell shall make you
Provinciall o'the *heaters*! or *Baud-ledger*,
For this side o'the towne! No doubt you'll render
A rare account of things. Bane o'your itch,
And scratching for imployment. I'll ha'brimstone

The great Divell enters, and upbraids him with all his daies work.

To

To allay it ſure, and fire to ſinge your nailes off,
But, that I would not ſuch a damn'd diſhonor
Sticke on our ſtate, as that the *divell* were hang'd;
And could not ſave a body, that he tooke
From *Tiborne*, but it muſt come thither againe:
Iniquity takes him on his back. You ſhould e'en ride. But up away with him——
Ini. Mount, dearling of darkneſſe, my ſhoulders are broad:
He that caries the fiend, is ſure of his loade.
The *Divell* was wont to carry away the evill;
But, now, the Evill out-carries the *Divell*.

Act. V. Scene. VII.

Shackles. Keepers.

A great noiſe is heard in Newgate, *and the Keepers come out affrighted.*

O mee! *Kee.* 1. What's this? 2. A peece of *Iuſtice Hall*
Is broken downe. 3. Fough! what a ſteeme of brimſtone
Is here? 4. The priſoner's dead, came in but now!
Sha. Ha? where? 4. Look here. *Kee.* S'lid I ſhould know his countenance!
It is *Gil-Cut-purſe*, was hang'd out, this morning!
Sha. 'Tis he! 2. The *Divell*, ſure, has a hand in this!
3. What ſhall we doe? *Sha.* Carry the newes of it
Unto the *Sherifes*. 1. And to the *Iuſtices*.
4. This ſtrange! 3. And ſavours of the *Divell*, ſtrongly!
2. I' ha' the *ſulphure* of *Hell-coale* i'my noſe.
1. Fough. *Sha.* Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How ranke it is!

Act. V. Scene. VIII.

Sir *Poule. Meere-craft. Ever-ill. Traines. Pitfall. Fitz-dottrell.* to them. *Wittipoll. Manly.* Miſtreſſe *Fitz-dottrell. Ingine.* to them *Guilt-head. Sledge.* to them. *Shackles.*

The Iuſtice comes out wondring and the reſt informing him.

THis was the notableſt Conſpiracy,
That ere I heard of. *Mer.* Sir, they had giv'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady*——
Eve. Iuſt to the time o'delivery o'the deed——
Mer. And then the witchcraft 'gan't'appeare, for ſtraight
He fell into his fit. *Eve.* Of rage at firſt, Sir,
Which ſince has ſo increaſed. *Tay.* Good Sir *Poule*, ſee him,
And puniſh the impoſtors. *Pou.* Therefore I come, *madame*.
Eit. Let M. *Eitherſide* alone, *madame*. *Pou.* Do you heare?
Call in the Conſtable, I will have him by:
H'is the Kings *Officer*! and ſome Cittizens,
Of creadit! I'll diſcharge my conſcience clearly.
Mer. Yes, Sir, and ſend for his wife. *Eve.* And the two *Sorcerers*,
By any meanes! *Tay.* I thought one a true *Lady*,
I ſhould be ſworne. So did you, *Either-ſide*?

Eit.

Eit. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r ſtir elſe, *Tailbuſh.*
Tay. And the other a civill Gentleman. *Eve.* But, *madam,*
You know what I tould your *Ladiſhip.* *Tay.* I now ſee it:
I was providing of a b nquet for 'hem
After I had done inſtructing o' the fellow
De-vile, the Gentlemans man. *Mer.* Who's found a t iefe, *madam.*
And to have rob'd your Uſher, Maſter *Ambler*
This morning. *Tay.* How? *Mer.* Ile tell you more, anon.
Fit. Gi'me ſome *garlicke, garlicke, garlicke, garlicke.* *He beginnes his fit.*
Mer. Harke the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented!
Fit. My wife is a whore, I'll kiſſe her no more: and why?
Ma'ſt not thou be a Cuckold as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.
Pou. That is the *Divell* ſpeakes, and laughes in him.
Mer. Do you think ſo Sir. *Pou.* I diſcharge my conſcience. *The Iuſtice interpret all.*
Fit. And is not the Divell good company? Yes, wis.
Eve. How he changes, Sir, his voice! *Fit. And a Cuckold is*
Where ere hee put his head, with a Wanion,
If his hornes be forth, the Divells companion!
Looke, looke, looke, elſe. *Mer.* How he ſomes! *Eve.* And ſwells!
Tay. O, me! what's that there, riſes in his belly!
Eit. A ſtrange thing! hold it downe: *Tra. Pit.* We cannot, *madame.*
Pou. 'Tis too apparent this! *Fit. Wittipol, Wittipol.* Wittipol,
Wit. How now, what play ha'we here. *Man.* What fine new, matters? *and* Manly, *and* Miſtr. Fitz-dottrel *enter.*
Wit. The *Cockſcombe,* and the *Coverlet.* *Mer.* O ſtrange impudence!
That theſe ſhould come to face their ſinne! *Eve,* And out-face
Iuſtice, they are the parties, Sir. *Pou.* Say nothing.
Mer. Did you marke, Sir, upon their co mming in,
How he call'd *Wittipol.* *Eve.* And never ſaw 'hem.
Pou. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while.
Fit. Buz, buz, buz, buz. *Tay* Laſſe poore Gentleman!
How he is tortur'd! *Mis. Fit* Fie, Maſter *Fitz-dottrel!*
What doe yo meane to counterfait thus? *Fit. O, ô,* *His wife goes to him.*
Shee comes with a needle, and thruſts it in,
She pulls out that, and ſhee puts in a pinne,
And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,
But ſhee pricks mee heere, and ſhee pricks me there: ôh, ôh,
Pou. Woman forbeare. *Wit.* What, Sir? *Pou.* A practice foul:
For one ſo faire: *Wit.* Hath this, then, credit with you?
Man. Do you beleeve in't? *Pou.* Gentlemen, I'll diſcharge
My conſcience: 'Tis a cleare conſpiracy!
A darke and divelliſh practice! I deteſt it!
Wit. The *Iuſtice* ſure will prove to be the merrier!
Man. This is moſt ſtrange, Sir. *Pou.* Come not to confront
Authority with inſolence: I tell you,
I doe deteſt it. Here comes the Kings *Conſtable,*
And with him a right worſhipfull *Commoner;*
My good friend, Maſter *Guilt-head*! I am glad
I can before ſuch witneſſes, profeſſe
My conſcience, and my deteſtation of it.

Horrible!

Horrible! most unaturall! Abominable!

They whisper him.

Eve. You doe not tumble enough. *Mer.* Wallow, gnash:
Tay. O, how he is vexed! *Pou.* 'Tis too manifest.

And give sope to act with.

Eve. Give him more sope to foame with, now lie still.
Mer. And act a little. *Tay.* What do's he now, Sir. *Pou.* Shew
The taking of *Tobacco*, with which the *Divell*
Is so delighted. *Fit. Hum!* *Pou.* And calls for *Hum.*
You takers of *Waters* and *Tobacco*,
Marke this. *Fit.* Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.
Pou. That's *Starch*! the *Divells* Idoll of that colour.
He ratifies it, clapping of his hands.
The proofes are pregnant. *Gui.* How the *Divel* can act!
Pou. He is the Master of *Players*? Master *Guilt-head*,
And *Poets*, too! you heard him talke in rime!
I had forgot to observe it to you, ere while!

Sir Poule interprets Figgum a Iuglers game.

Tay. See, he spits fire. *Pou.* O no, he plaies at *Figgum*,
The *Divell* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*—
Man. Why speake you not unto him? *Wit.* If I had
All innocence of man to be indanger'd
And he could save, or ruine it: I'ld not breath
A syllable in request, to such a fellow,
I'd rather fall. *Fit.* ô they whisper, they whisper, whisper, &c.
We shall have more, of Divells a score,
To come to dinner, in me the sinner.
Eyt. Alas, poore Gentleman! *Pou.* Put'hem asunder.
Keepe 'hem one from the other. *Man.* Are you phrenticke, Sir,
Or what grave dotage moves you, to take part
With so much villany? we are not afraid
Either of law, or tryall; let us be
Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes,
To worke by; and possibility of those meanes.
Doe not conclude against us, ere you heare us.
Pou. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumstances. *Man.* Will you so, Sir?
Pou. Yes they are palpable: *Man.* Not as your folly:
Pou. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all
To the *Meridian* of Iustice. *Gui.* You doe well, Sir:
Fit. Provide me to eate, three or foure dishes o'good meat,
I'll feast them, and their traines, a Iustice head and braines
Shall be the first. *Pou.* The *Divell* loves not Iustice,
There you may see. *Fit.* *A spare-rib o'my wife,*
And a whores purt'nance! a Guilt-head *whole.*
Pou. Be not you troubled, Sir, the *Divell* speakes it.
Fit. Tes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, Ioule, owle, foule, troule, boule.
Pou. *Crambe*, another of the *Divell's* games!
Mer. Speake, Sir, some *Greeke*, if you can. Is not the *Iustice*
A solemne gamester? *Eve.* Peace. *Fit.* Οἰ μοὶ, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,
Καὶ δοδεκάκις καὶ μυριάκις. *Pou.* Hee curses
In *Greeke*, I thinke. *Eve.* Your *Spanish*, that I taught you.

Fit.

Fit. *Qu' bremosel ojo de burlas.* *Eve.* How? your reſt——
Let's breake his necke in jeſt, the *Divell* laies,
Fit. *Di grátia, Signòr mio ſe hauete denári fataméne parte.*
Mer. What, would the *Divell* borrow money? *Fit.* *Ouy,*
Ouy Monſiur, ùn pàuure Diable! Diablet in!
Pou. It is the *Divell*, by his ſeverall languages.
Sha. Where's Sir *Paule Either-ſide?* *Pou.* Here, what's the matter? *Enter the Keeper of New-gate*
Sha. O! ſuch an accident falne out at *Newgate*, Sir:
A great piece of the priſon is rent downe!
The *Divell* has beene there, Sir, in the body——
Of the young *Cut-purſe*, was hang'd out this morning,
But in new clothes, Sir, every one of us know him.
Theſe things were found in his pocket. *Amb.* Thoſe are mine, Sir.
Sha. I thinke he was committed on your charge, Sir.
For a new felony *Amb.* Yes. *Sha.* Hee's gone, Sir, now,
And left us the dead body. But with all, Sir,
Such an infernall ſtinke, and ſteeme behind,
You cannot ſee St. *Pulchars Steeple*, yet.
They ſmell't as far as *Ware*, as the winde lies,
By this time, ſure. *Fit.* Is this upon your credit, friend?
Sha. Sir, you may ſee, and ſatisfie your ſelfe. Fitz-dottrel *leaves counterfaiting.*
Fit. Nay, then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.
Sir I am not bewitch'd, nor have a *Divell*,
No more then you. I doe defie him, I,
And did abuſe you. Theſe two Gentlemen
Put me upon it. (I have faith againſt him)
They taught me all my trickes. I will tell truth,
And ſhame the *Fiend*. See, here, Sir are my bellowes,
And my falſe belly, and my *Mouſe*, and all
That ſhould ha'come forth? *Man.* Sir, are not you aſham'd
Now of your ſolemne, ſerious vanity?
Pou. I will make honourable amends to truth.
Fit. And ſo will I. But theſe are *Coozners*, ſtill;
And ha'my land, as plotters, with my wife:
Who, though ſhe be not a witch, is worſe, a whore.
Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaſt, and vertuous,
And we are honeſt. I doe know no glory
A man ſhould hope, by venting his owne follies,
But you'll ſtill be an *Aſſe*, in ſpite of providence.
Leaſe you goe in, Sir, and here truths, then judge 'hem:
And make amends for your late raſhneſſe; when,
You ſhall but here the paines and care was taken,
To ſave this foole from ruine (his *Grace* of *Droun'd land*)
Fit. My land is droun'd indeed—— *Pou.* Peace. *Man.* And how much
His modeſt and too worthy wife hath ſuffer'd
By miſconſtruction, from him, you will bluſh,
Firſt for your owne beliefe, more for his actions!
His land is his: and never, by my friend,
Nor by my ſelfe, meant to another uſe,
But for her ſuccours, who hath equall right.

If any other had worſe counſells in't,
(I know I ſpeake to thoſe can apprehend me)
Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
It is not manly to take joy, or pride
In humane errours (we doe all ill things,
They doe 'hem worſt that love 'hem, and dwell there,
Till the plague comes) The few that have the ſeeds
Of goodneſſe left, will ſooner make their way
To a true life, by ſhame, then puniſhment.

The End.

The Epilogue.

THus, *the* Projector, *here, is over-throwne:*
But I have now a Project *of mine owne,*
If it may paſſe: that no man would invite
The Poet *from us, to ſup forth to night,*
If the play *pleaſe. If it diſpleaſant be,*
We doe preſume, that no man will: nor we:

THE

HISTORY

OF

Henry the Fifth.

AND THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MUSTAPHA,

Son of *SOLYMAN* the Magnificent.

As they were Acted at his Highness the Duke of *York*'s
THEATER.

Written by
The Right Honourable the Earl of *ORRERY*.

LONDON,

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